

*Dr. Louisa*

# THE CONTINENT

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE

CONDUCTED BY ALBION W. TOURGÉE

VOL. IV No 85

Sept. 26, 1883



TEN CENTS A COPY. \$4.00 A YEAR.

OUR CONTINENT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK

36 ELEVENTH ST. COR. CHESTNUT 23 PARK ROW



# SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS

In 25 Numbers of Superior English make, suited to every style of writing. A sample of each for trial, by mail, on receipt of 25 cents. Ask your Stationer for the Spencerian Form.  
IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR & CO., New York.

## CONTENTS—September 26, 1883.

|  |                             |     |  |                    |     |
|--|-----------------------------|-----|--|--------------------|-----|
| The Ohio Boat-horn, . . . . .                                    | Donn Platt. . . . .         | 385 | Migma, . . . . .   | Editorial. . . . . | 409 |
| Illustration drawn by W. L. Sheppard; engraved by Chas. H. Reed. |                             |     |  |                    |     |
| The Horns of the Dilemma, . . . . .                              | Hjalmar H. Boyesen. . . . . | 386 | The Continent's Combination Rates—Governor Holden's Last Conversion—Three Facts and a Query—Three Democratic Mistakes—Randall and the Speakership—Northern Taxation for Southern Education—Dr. Haygood—A Newport Aquarelle—Analysis of Character—Ivan Tourgenieff. |                    |     |
| Chrysanthemums, Poem. . . . .                                    | Mary B. Dodge. . . . .      | 404 | The Bookshelf, . . . . .   | . . . . . 412      |     |
| Mary's Trouble, . . . . .  | Helle C. Greene. . . . .    | 405 | Notes and Queries, . . . . .   | . . . . . 414      |     |
| Robin, Poem. . . . .   | Helen Gray Cook. . . . .    | 497 | New Books, . . . . .   | . . . . . 415      |     |
| The Household, . . . . .   | Helen Campbell. . . . .     | 407 | Reference Calendar, . . . . .  | . . . . . 416      |     |
| Reserve Stores—The Minuet—A Friday Dinner.                       |                             |     |  |                    |     |

## Forthcoming Numbers of The Continent

Will contain, among other interesting features:

1. Native-American Caricature and Portraiture. By Professor E. A. BARBER. With many quaint and absurdly humorous illustrations.
2. Choice Bits of Thuringia: Eisenach and the Wartburg. By E. C. WALTON. Charminglly illustrated.
3. The Tenants of An Old Farm—Leaves from the Note-book of a Naturalist. By Dr. HENRY C. MCCOOK. Fully illustrated by JAMES C. BEARD, DANIEL C. BEARD, and others.
4. Other illustrated articles, with the Regular Departments.

**TO SUBSCRIBERS:** The receipt of the first copy of THE CONTINENT will notify new subscribers that their subscriptions have been received. Renewing subscribers will be notified by a change in the number on the printed label that their renewals have been received. No other receipts are given for subscription money, unless specially requested in the letter containing the subscription.

**TO CONTRIBUTORS:** Authors sending contributions to THE CONTINENT will further their own interests by inclosing a stamp to insure notification in case the manuscript proves unavailable. A still better plan is to inclose enough stamps for its return by mail, or to request its return by express. Unavailable manuscripts, not accompanied by stamps, and without a request for their return by express, are kept for six months and then destroyed without further notice. All reasonable care will be taken of manuscripts reaching THE CONTINENT, but responsibility for them until after their formal acceptance is expressly declined.

Address all communications to

**THE CONTINENT,**

No. 36 South Eleventh Street, Cor. Chestnut, Philadelphia.

# THE CONTINENT

Copyright, 1883, by Our Continent Publishing Company.

Vol. IV. No. 13.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 26, 1883.

Whole No. 85.



"O BOATMAN! WIND THY HORN AGAIN"—WILLIAM O. BUTLER

## THE OHIO BOAT-HORN.

O LIST! the boat-horn's soft refrain  
O'er the still waters, swelling clear,  
So wildly sweet, so sad a strain,  
Ne'er woke before to charm the ear.  
What dreams its melody awakes  
Of life upon the lost frontier,  
When to the rivers, forests, lakes  
There came the sturdy pioneer!

Out on the wave, while floating down,  
He boldly trod his little deck,  
And dreamed, his dear ones around,  
Of wild adventure, storm and wreck;  
That strain he wound his way to cheer,  
In dewy eve or golden morn;  
The startled Indian paused to hear  
In echoes sweet his simple horn.

That note erst smote on tower and town  
Its winding challenge, clear and high,  
When battling hosts for land and crown  
Were summoned out to do or die;  
And so it challenged empire then  
O'er wilds that stretched from sea to sea.  
Wild music to the tramp of men  
That told of millions yet to be.

O boatman! wind that horn again,  
I fain would hear its note once more;  
There live along its magic strain  
The deeds our fathers wrought of yore.  
Their forms are mouldering into dust;  
Their very homes have passed away.  
How strange your strain should hold in trust  
Their sacred memories from decay!

DONN PIATT.

## THE HORNS OF THE DILEMMA.

BY HJALMAR H. BOYESEN.

THERE is a period in most men's lives when verse of some sort seems a natural mode of expression. This poetic disease affects different natures in widely different ways; some take it very lightly, and experience no perceptible after-effects, while others are seriously afflicted and never quite recover their mental equilibrium. Those who altogether escape are usually the cruder organisms, who are not far enough developed to catch the diseases of a higher civilization. Good poetry, written during this period of vague youthful exaltation, is sufficiently rare to indicate the coming of a new poet. I have observed that the first class (those who are lightly affected) are in later years half ashamed of their feeble verses, not because they are feeble, but because they are verses, and refer to them as they would the measles or any puerile complaint. The second class, after many discouraging experiences with magazines and publishers, resort to the poet's corner of the local newspaper, and print once in five or ten years a volume at private expense. A portrait of the author, in an ecstasy of inspiration, pen in hand and gazing heavenward, seated at his writing-desk, usually adorns the work. The third class have that robust contempt which only ignorance can give for rhymed speech and all who cultivate it. The fourth class are the poets—men of all degrees of maturity and immaturity of thought, and of emotional and intellectual vigor.

So much by way of preface. That the young gentlemen whom I shall presently introduce belonged to one of the above-named classes is obvious, as my classification was intended to embrace all possibilities of human development; but as classifications are no less odious than comparisons, I shall refrain from anticipating the reader's judgment.

In one of the oldest academic towns in New England two law students were sauntering, arm in arm, across the college green. It was a bleak and windy night; the sky, where it was clear, had a dark cerulean tint, which augured a storm on the morrow, if not earlier, and there was a sharp feeling in the air which indicated snow rather than rain. The venerable academic elms, serving as harps for the wind to play upon, struck up from time to time a deep-toned lament, which died away into a threatening silence, and again by a doleful crescendo filled the vault of the sky and whirled away through space. There was something weird and nightmarish in the fantastic panorama which the heavens presented, and the two young men, who were fond of abnormal emotions, enjoyed it, on that account, thoroughly. Vague, inarticulate poems drifted through their minds, and grand, hazy lines hummed deliciously in their ears. It was not the weather, however, which was primarily the theme of their inspirations. They were just returning from a call upon Miss Margaret Hungerford, a young lady whose eyebrows, lips and hair were a good deal more beautiful than the sonnets in which they were celebrated. She had so far accepted the attentions of the two friends with impartial pleasure, but had bestowed no signal proof of her favor upon either. She had, perhaps, a faint preference for Sutherland, because he somehow impressed her as being of a finer quality than his jovial friend, Northam. But then

Northam had a frank and genial good humor, which was a capital antidote to the blues, and he had a large-handed, all-sufficient way of dealing with things (ignoring all nice distinctions), which to a mind inclined to conscientious self-torture was truly refreshing. Miss Margaret, at all events, who had inherited from her Puritan ancestors a tendency to be over-scrupulous, found herself lured by his decisive talk and solid judgments, even though they might be based on imperfect knowledge, into an attitude of repose and acquiescence. Sutherland, on the other hand, sympathized with her doubts, stimulated her to thought and increased her natural uneasiness. His admiration for her was not like that of his friend, tangibly and aggressively expressed, but was rather in the atmosphere or implied attitude of his speech than in any direct utterance. He could be very fascinating if he chose, and he occasionally said brilliant things; but then again he could also be moody and irritating, or "untuned," as he himself called it, which regularly occurred whenever one of the neighbors dropped in during his and Northam's calls. Northam, who was too robust a character to become easily "untuned," would then manfully come to her rescue and entertain her visitor with his inexhaustible fund of jokes and anecdotes. It made no perceptible difference whether the visitor was an elderly lady with puffs, or a young one with dimples and curls; he exerted himself just as much in one case as in the other, and with the same success. Even fellow-students and young village beaux he could endure with perfect equanimity, and afford them opportunities of admiring his conversational resources.

Physically the two friends had also few points of resemblance. Northam was large, and of that build which in middle life develops into corpulence. He had a great crop of ashy-blond hair, which stood up straight on the back of his head, while in front it had yielded somewhat to discipline. His eyes were of a milky blue, his nose and chin sharply cut and decided, and his complexion florid. And for all that, he was neither homely, nor was the *ensemble* of his features at all unpleasing; for about his mouth there was an expression of good humor and drollery which beguiled every one who talked with him for five minutes into a lighter mood. It would hardly have occurred to any one to call his face poetic; nor do I suppose that Northam himself would have claimed that Nature had provided him with the fitting mark for a poet. Still, in his heart of hearts, and in spite of Nature's unkindness, it was his ambition to earn that exalted title. It may have been his association with James Sutherland which had stimulated this abnormal desire in him; or it may have been merely the natural effervescence of youthful sentiment which with him, as with thousands of other prosaic temperaments, agitated the mind temporarily and made it bubble and seethe in rhyme. He wrote with a tremendous fertility and vim, and scattered his verses broadcast over the land under a sonorous pseudonym. The rhetorical vehemence of his language, which uncritical readers mistook for the divine afflatus, procured him a scattered audience of more or less devoted admirers, and there were two western editors (personal acquaintances of the author and natives of his state and



county) who had boldly hailed him as the great American poet, the poet of the vast and unexplored West, and as "the virgin poet of a virgin continent." Northam was quite clever enough to perceive the ludicrousness of these well-meant exaggerations, but for all that they did not displease him. He was determined, as he often said, "to fill a large place in the public optic," and he frankly confessed that he cared more for the quantity than the quality of his fame. He celebrated Miss Hungerford's loveliness under all manner of classical and romantic disguises, and feigned a lover's exultation, doubt, despondency and despair according to the varying exigencies of rhyme and metre; while the truth was, that his feelings, though of a tender nature, never strayed very far either above or below the common range. He was by temperament hopeful, and had a strong faith in himself, and if he despaired melodiously in sonnets and elegies, it was merely because despair was more picturesque and interesting than the cheerful optimism of average American youth. Still, to do him justice, he had a dim consciousness how ill the Byronic mood became him, and was on that very account seriously offended with Sutherland for comparing him to a young faun, in an antique bas-relief, who frightens his playmates by crying "Boo" at them through a tragic mask. Indeed, Sutherland was, at times, a very annoying companion, who tried one's temper in many ways. He had no pity on a fellow's weaknesses, but exposed them with scathing ridicule. He was independent in all his ways, and seemed supremely indifferent to the opinion of his fellow students. He had been graduated more than a year ago with great distinction, and was now about to carry off similar honors in the law-school. Northam, who had been his classmate ever since their freshman year, had attached himself to him from the beginning, because he cherished an unbounded admiration for Sutherland's ability, and was convinced that he was destined to astonish the world in some capacity or other. That Sutherland did not reciprocate his admiration with equal warmth, but rather suffered himself to be looked up to, consulted and deferred to, did not in the least trouble his sanguine friend, who could endure without resentment any amount of twitting and trying criticism as long as he was convinced that he was deriving benefit from the daily contact with a mind so richly endowed. Sutherland's lack of enthusiasm and the mental reserve with which he hedged himself about were in Northam's eyes partly due to a natural melancholy, and in part the result of a joyless and solitary childhood. If, owing to these peculiarities, James was not a favorite in society, it was his misfortune rather than his fault, but he was more than compensated for this loss in enjoying the friendship of several distinguished savants and men of letters who expressed the highest regard for his talents and scholarly acquirements. His dark, handsome countenance, with the near-sighted black eyes, and short, thick side-whiskers, was under no circumstances an exhilarating sight, and his entrance into a crowded drawing-room seemed for a moment to hush the conversation and depress the spirits of the company. He could be lively enough, however, when discussing topics which interested him, and his bright remarks were snatched up and admiringly quoted for months afterward by ladies of intellectual tastes; but there was no abandonment in his mirth, and his laughter was, like himself, subdued. He carried himself without awkwardness and yet without elegance, and the slight stoop in his shoulders seemed in perfect keeping with his precise and serious demeanor. That he was a man of poetic

aspirations few would have suspected, as his appearance rather pointed toward a minute and painstaking scholarship, of the kind which delights in the dry husks of learning rather than its sweet and wholesome kernel. A clever young lady, who alternately admired and detested him, once remarked that if he had been a clergyman, instead of a lawyer, he would have worn an ecclesiastical waistcoat, laced in the back, intoned the service, and furnished his study with a *prie-dieu* and lean saints and madonnas on a gold background. There is reason to suppose, however, that this young lady, although there was undeniably something in his exterior which justified her inference, really did him injustice. And he guarded so well his deeper thought that people might well be pardoned for not giving him his due.

If there was any one who could be said to know Sutherland it was Thaddeus Northam; and he knew him only by dint of a kind of amiable importunity which was discouraged at no rebuffs. If he made an inconvenient visit and was met by a questioning stare, he did not turn with an offended mien toward the door, but he slapped the starrer affectionately on the back, and with a "Come, now! come, old fellow!" flung himself into a chair and proceeded to roll cigarettes. Sutherland, who believed himself well equipped for most of the emergencies of life, was really at a loss to know how to deal with this bluff, hearty obtuseness; and after having ascertained by actual experiments that his methods of manifesting displeasure had no effect, he grudgingly submitted to Northam's impositions, and ended by liking them. Reserved though he was by nature, he soon came to relish the enforced companionship of this sturdy character, and by slow degrees and prolonged intercourse came mutual dependence and confidence. Even if Thaddeus' verses were not very profound, the fact that he wrote them and felt proud of them were to Sutherland interesting phenomena; and in order not to appear churlish he read his own poetic fragments and discussed their merits and demerits freely with his friend. Aiming always high, and being acutely conscious of his shortcomings, he was nevertheless not so callous to praise as he imagined himself to be; and Northam's enthusiastic laudation of his verses (however critically worthless) soothed and comforted him. If he did not praise with equal cordiality in return, it was partly because Northam did not seem to expect it, partly because he could not conscientiously express a degree of approval which he did not feel. Northam somehow never seemed to take his own verses seriously in his friend's presence, however much he might glory in them in private, and often treated his poetic vocation as a joke, an innocent lunacy which was accumulating within him, and which could only be worked off in this manner. He frequently urged Sutherland to print his own more finished poems, and offered to share the expenses of publication in case no publisher could be found who belied the traditions of his trade, having heart and brain both normally developed—to all of which Sutherland listened with a melancholy smile, and remarked that his time had not yet come, and that he was too ambitious to be satisfied with a mere half success.

It was thus matters stood on the night of their return from their call on Miss Hungerford, when the old discussion was resumed with unwonted zeal on Northam's part, while Sutherland seemed more moody than usual, and betrayed an unaccountable irritation. They hurried down the dreary streets, through which the wind whirled columns of dust and withered leaves, and entered an old colonial-looking wooden building,

in the second story of which Sutherland had his apartments.

"I did not ask you, James," said Northam, as his comrade unlocked his door, "whether you are anxious for my company to-night; but I know, without asking, that you would be wretched if you did not have some one to vent your ill humor upon, and therefore, on purely charitable grounds, I grant you my company."

"Pray, don't incommode yourself," was the other's ungracious answer, as he opened the door and lighted the drop-light on the table; "you will find a box of cigars on the third shelf of the middle book-case; help yourself; and if you can put up with my bearishness, you are at liberty to soliloquize *ad libitum*."

"Thanks; I am heartily obliged," cried Northam, placing the cigar-box before him on the table, and dropping into a luxurious easy-chair. "Your generosity deserves recognition. And do you know that poem of yours which I wanted you to print in *The Indigo* is the best piece of work you have ever done. I only wish it were mine. I should not allow it to lie long mouldering in my desk. I don't see where the deuce you get hold of such wonderfully apt and unhackneyed metaphors. I tell you, old man, there are both money and fame in verses like those, and you are a blasted fool to waste your time and energy in striving for an unattainable perfection."

Sutherland did not answer for some moments, but sat staring at a heap of papers which were lying before him on his writing-desk. They were all poems and scattered verses, which he had written under the stress of strong feeling, and then afterward elaborated with critical care. They had all appeared superb to him on the day when they were written, but the illusion had hardly outlasted the day. It was his love for Margaret Hungerford which had been the inspiration of all these songs, and it had been a positive need of his nature to give vent to all this dumbly-laboring force through the only channel at his disposal. It had occurred to him, sometimes, that he ought to inform her of the feelings which he cherished for her; but then, in the next moment he would begin to analyze the feeling and find that it was, perhaps, not half as strong as he had supposed. Then there seemed to be something positively ignoble in the position of a poor man proposing to an heiress, and no amount of sentimental sophistry could make it anything but awkward. It is so very convenient when the promptings of one's heart and one's head coincide, and if they do not it takes very little persuasion to bring them into accord. To declare a disinterested affection for a woman who was worth half a million dollars, this sensitive lover thought, required a brazenness which could only be acquired by long training. He thought he had discovered to-night that Margaret's cordiality to him was nothing more than a temperamental affability, and that he had been a fool to build hopes upon such a frail foundation. He had observed her narrowly and had been internally raging with disappointment when the conclusion had been forced upon him that she was just as cordial to her other friends and smiled just as sweetly upon the most unendurable village bores. To look upon Northam as his rival had, curiously enough, never occurred to him, possibly because Tad had a highly unsentimental, big-brotherly way with women which seemed to banish the idea of love-making. He had also the consciousness of being himself a finer-grained nature who had little to fear from the rivalry of such a blunt, every-day character. What tormented him was not so much the thought of anybody's rivalry as the hopeless incongruity of the

situation itself, and the impossibility of appearing in Margaret's sight as free from sordid motives as he actually was. He pondered with morbid persistency on this problem, which daily appeared to him more insoluble. As usual, after his return from a call on Miss Hungerford, his thoughts were drifting in the same direction, and, as he sat gazing at the heap of rhymed speculation which recorded his changing moods, a sudden irritation seized him, and, rising, he flung the papers across the table and began to pace up and down the floor with knitted brow.

"Metaphors, similes!" he exclaimed. "Don't mention the accursed things to me again. There is something absolutely loathsome to me in all this modern gush of technical talk which obscures and vitiates every true feeling. The fact is, we don't feel any more. We talk instead, and imagine we experience all the fine emotions we read about in novels and poems. I am positively nauseated when I read the esthetic drivel which now goes by the name of criticism, and I am sometimes tempted to go and commit some wholesome primitive atrocity, merely to prove to myself that all strong, tangible passions have not evaporated in poetic nonsense and esthetic small-talk. It does me good when I read in my morning paper that Pat Mulhoney thrashed his wife last night; and it is still more refreshing to know that Prince Somebody's son ran away with Prince Somebody else's wife the other day, and then after an escapade to Italy coolly proposed to restore her to her bereaved husband. I feel a respect for men who possess sufficient resolution for actions of such definite complexion. If I had a wife who misbehaved, I should in all likelihood, instead of thrashing her, write a trochaic lament to the moon, and if I were in love with somebody else's spouse, I should waste my emotion in despairing sonnets which I should not even have the courage to send her. I tell you, poetry is a disease, and I have done with it. It consumes energy which otherwise would assert itself in wholesome and decisive action."

During the delivery of this passionate tirade Northam had been smoking in amused silence. He was quite accustomed to such paradoxical outbursts from his friend, and was not in the least alarmed at his vehemence.

"This is the fifth time within my recollection that you have solemnly adjured poetry," he said, smiling. "If it is a disease you are not cured of it, and you never will be."

"I tell you, Tad," cried the other excitedly, "this time I am in earnest. And to prove it, I mean to—"

He seized the scattered heap of manuscript and flung it into the grate, but in the twinkling of an eye Northam had snatched the precious papers from the fire, and by dint of vigorous stamping, extinguished the flames.

"By Jove, Jim," he said, with a comically distressed air, while he stooped down and gathered the *disiecta membra poeæ* together, "this is really too bad. If it is true that you don't value these poems, why, then, not give them to me? I value them very highly."

"Well, take them, and do with them whatever you choose; only don't ever let me see them again."

"And will you allow me to publish them?"

"Anything you choose; only don't put my name on the title-page. Put your own name, or the devil's name, or any name, only not mine."

Northam had risen, and with the roll of manuscript in his hand, was approaching the door.

"And do you really mean what you have said, Jim?"

he asked seriously. "You won't go back on me and kick up a row when possibly you may have changed your mind?"

"Do I look as if I were joking? As I have said, I should prefer to have the sentimental rubbish burned in my sight, but I don't care as long as I get rid of it. This is an epoch in my life. From this day I am no longer a puling rhymster, but a man of force and action. Within ten years you may look for me in the United States Senate."

## II

It is needless to say that no radical change took place in Sutherland's character after he had consigned his poems to his friend. He still continued to torment himself by a morbid self-analysis, and I am not sure but that his smouldering passion for Miss Hungerford broke forth occasionally in passionate verse. Rhyming was an organic need with him, or had become so after twelve years of uninterrupted indulgence. He was but twelve years old when he sat in the cow-stable on an inverted bucket and declaimed his boyish rhapsodies to his aunt's milk-maid, Tabitha, and felt a glow of satisfaction and pride in his divine gift which he never had experienced since. And when Tabitha (who, though she understood not a word, had a profound reverence for poetry) exclaimed, with tear-filled eyes: "Law, Master Jim, how can you think of all them beautiful things!" he had felt moved to tears, though he would have been at a loss to tell what he was crying for. He had then determined that the world should soon hear from him, and in mighty trumpet tones, which should rouse it from its apathy to noble action and zeal for the right. It was this belief in his poetic vocation which had been the happiness of his boyhood, and it had still been strong within him at the time he entered college. His father, who had been a lawyer of talent and culture, had been killed by a railway accident when the son was but five years old; but he had left quite minute directions in his will regarding the boy's education, and had among other things expressed the wish that he be sent to his own Alma Mater. His widow, who was a gentle and lovable woman, had scrupulously acted upon all her husband's suggestions, and had, with her only daughter, retired into the obscurity of a remote New England village, in order that she might be able to give James a liberal allowance during his college years. College had, however, proved to be something quite different from what James, in his rural innocence, had expected. He was a sensitive nature and easily impressible; and he had hardly been one week a student before he had learned to be ashamed of his crude, youthful idealism. He found that he was verdant and old-fashioned, and that literary ambition would only be sneered at in a Freshman. In a Junior it might, perhaps, be tolerated, and in a Senior it commanded a certain respect. He often heard fellows admiringly referred to for the cut of their clothes and their muscular development; and, apparently, the most respected man among undergraduates was one who wore seven neckties a week. There was a rage at one time for stockings of unusual patterns, worn with low shoes; a kind of artificial stoop was affected in connection with a position of the elbows, as if one's sleeves were uncomfortably tight, and many were the men who felt an obvious pride in excelling in these various affectations; but during all the six years which he spent in the college and the law-school he rarely heard a man praised for any other kind of literary accomplishment than that which implied humor or clever social satire. There was something old and pre-

cociously mature both in the poems and prose which appeared in the college papers; not a trace, hardly, of the traditional attributes of youth, unless, perhaps, the serious comments on boating and base-ball trivialities, and a certain delight in buffoonery incidentally betrayed that the writers were either professional sporting-men or of tender years.

Along with much that was worthless and trivial, however, went also much that was admirable. There was very little of the crude and slipshod teaching which is so common in American colleges, and the opportunities for acquiring a solid intellectual training were open to any one who chose to avail himself of them. And James, while he gradually came to look pityingly on all his former enthusiasm, very soon learned the value of sound scholarship, and threw himself with great zeal into the study of Greek accents and classical topography and a hundred nice questions familiarity with which distinguishes the scholar from the vulgarian. All the energy which had pulsed warmly for his own time and people was diverted to the times of Pericles and Augustus; the talent which with proper training would have enabled him to take a vigorous hold of the actual world and to utilize it rationally was expended in acquiring little scholastic niceties, as at best, a knowledge of an age which, with all artistic development, was yet, in the totality of its acquirements, vastly behind our own. He had at his fingers' ends the fictitious names of the mistresses of Horace, but I doubt if he could have explained as simple a phenomenon as the burning of the coal in a grate or the processes of nutrition in his own body. The consequence was that his poems followed in the train thus given to his mind. He wrote odes and sonnets to Anarchassis and Lalage and Tyndaris; and as nature made him a poet, he could not avoid, even under this artificial guise, uttering vigorous thoughts and with a finely-developed art of expression; and it is hardly to be denied that this purity of his style was in part due to his long familiarity with the classical models.

During the few weeks which intervened between the surrender of the manuscript and their graduation from the law-school, Northam and Sutherland saw little of each other, and no reference was made to the poems. It was Sutherland's impression that Tad avoided meeting him, and he even imagined that his friend's conduct in his presence seemed strained and artificial. Still, he was well aware that he was constitutionally subject to all manner of queer illusions, and he had come to look with distrust upon all but his most positive impressions. Both Tad and himself were working with desperate zeal, and that might well account for the infrequency of their intercourse. They no longer went together to call upon Miss Hungerford, and it was only incidentally that each learned that the other had called.

The commencement came at the appointed time, and both obtained their degrees, Sutherland easily leading the class. They then separated amicably, Sutherland going to his New England home, Northam to New York, where, as he said, he would remain, waiting for something to turn up. The former was greatly tempted, at their parting in the railroad depot, to inquire what disposition Tad proposed to make of his poems, or whether he had any objection to returning them. A foolish pride, however, restrained his tongue, and he remained silent. He was certainly not going to solicit Tad's criticism on his work, the value of which he knew, in spite of the disgust he sometimes felt for it and everything in his moments of ill humor and dis-



couragement. Nevertheless it hurt him to think that Tad (who was a frank and honest fellow) should pursue such a strange course in this affair, and not even allude to the impression made upon him by these poems, the possession of which had apparently been a matter of some consequence to him. That he should have forgotten them was hardly credible; although, to be sure, he had been very busy of late, and might have postponed the reading of them until he should have earned his leisure. While these thoughts were darting through Sutherland's brain, the train whistled for the last time; Tad jumped on the platform, waved his hat to his friend and was gone.

## III

THE appearance of "Myrtle and Bay: Poems by Thaddeus W. Northam," was hailed as an event of considerable magnitude in the literary world. The authoritative weeklies and monthlies said distinctly that there had arisen a new American poet of splendid promise. Most of them seemed to be ignorant of the fact that the author had made any previous *début*, and there were only two or three western dailies who could point with pride to their recognition of this poet's greatness in the days of his obscurity. It was especially the vigor, coupled with refinement of expression, upon which the critics remarked, and some also discovered a wide range of healthful thought, essentially modern in spite of its classical guise. It was early in the autumn that the book appeared, and several weeks passed before chance brought a copy of it to Sutherland's notice. He had spent the summer roaming through the woods or lying on his back dreaming. The sky was so large, and the thought gamboled daringly under this spacious blue vault. It was in the middle of September, just as he was grappling with the problem of his future, that he became aware of what in his first rage he called Northam's treachery, and the moment was indelibly impressed upon his memory.

He had started early in the day for the woods, taking with him, besides his luncheon, a copy of Shelley and one of *Æschylus*. The day was warm and heavy, and there was a strangely lifeless silence in the air as if the sky was holding its breath. The white and blue and yellow wood-flowers growing in the cool and humid shade are always a surprise wherever one finds them; they look so shy and startled that it seems a pity to pick them. There is thrown about them, as about all creatures of the woods, a veil of impenetrable privacy—something delicate and intangible, which is felt yet baffles the sense. To lure their soul from these untamed inhabitants of Nature's solitudes had long been the fantastic ambition of Sutherland. All the subtle things that haunt the inner region of the mind, as yet unattainable in speech, it was his longing to utter. Language is capable of indefinite sublimation, he maintained, and those who complain of its deficiencies are chiefly those who lack that finer sense which is the only safe guide in the rarefied atmosphere of the uppermost strata of perception. It is but the middle range of Nature's phenomena which impresses the average crudely-developed senses; just as there are sounds too high and too low to affect the ear, so there are in most objects of Nature elusive beauties, whose range is beyond the common vision. What you cannot imprison in a single phrase can yet be interpreted in the mood, the key, the flavor of your verse. In his note-book, which he always carried in his breast-pocket, Sutherland had several

such "encroachments upon the territory of the inexpressible"—"invasions of the land of silence." In all probability, to the majority of readers, these poems would have been utterly incomprehensible, mere vagaries of sound; but here and there, no doubt, they would have found a sympathetic ear and a mind of subtle intelligence. But apart from all hope of appreciation, the effort itself would bring its own reward. Thus he reasoned, at least, dwelling with delight upon each new image which rose before his soul. Wherever he looked down through the stately colonnades of smooth-stemmed elms and beeches there seemed to be something beckoning to him to come nearer. And as he would make the effort, things strange and beautiful would flash before his vision for one delicious moment, and vanish before the thought could seize them. In the very sunshine which broke in quivering showers through the dense foliage there was a hand invisibly outstretched, as in gracious greeting, inviting him he knew not whither. A dun-colored bird hopped about aimlessly among the branches, emitting now and then a metallic little click, and its presence somehow made the solitude seem deeper. It had such a forlorn and joyless appearance. Presently a large butterfly went tumbling through the air, and fat, patient spiders lay in ambush at the corners of their nests, which spread immovably among the uppermost boughs. But suddenly in the midst of the silence there came a crash; it was a dead branch that fell with a light thud upon the sod; and it seemed as if some subtle spell was broken and the sky drew a long breath, and even the earth's breast quietly heaved. Then a blue-jay screamed (and how wildly irrelevant that scream always sounds!), and everything awoke with a start and regained its voice. How loud and shrill was the locust's *crescendo* in the tree-tops! how swift and resonant the woodpecker's hammering! what a teeming, whispering, softly-sibilant chorus of tiny sounds broke forth from everywhere! Sutherland listened, and the longer he listened the keener grew his sense, and the subdued chorus of summer sounds disentangled itself into innumerable small, distinct voices. It seemed possible in this mood, with this subtly-sharpened sense, to hear the grass grow and the sap mounting busily in tree and plant, through the fairy network of cellular tissue. And as he tried to realize to himself these diminutive sounds—quite audible, no doubt, to fairy ears—the world seemed to expand gloriously about him, the domain of facts within reach of the refined sense seeming almost limitless. A great yearning to know this teeming, throbbing, ever-perishing and ever-rekindling life, which was welling forth with a hushed but eager pulsation round about him, filled his soul; and the world in which he had lived, with its *Lydias* and *Lalages* and Greek accents and rules of prosody, seemed horribly empty and trivial by comparison. If he had but known all these wondrous and vital facts, as science knows them—if he had spent his precious youth in acquiring a deeper insight into the laws which govern this vast cosmic machinery, of which he was himself a part, and in luring from nature her deep and beautiful secrets, how much greater a poet would he be, and how much nobler his life and mission! But perhaps it was not even yet too late. He was twenty-four years old, and he knew hardly more than the rudiments of any science but mathematics. His mother and sister, who had stunted themselves for his sake, were henceforth entitled to the income of the fund which his father had left for their support. It was plainly his duty to earn his living now, to accept the present as it was, and to stop dreaming. He wrestled long with himself before



he could conquer his indolence and resolve to engage actively in the battle of life; but finally his conscience was victorious. He determined to start for the city on the morrow, and at the same time, as he worked at his profession, to employ his leisure in scientific study. And yet he was vaguely aware that, resolve whatever he might, he was so made that poetry must always remain the first consideration with him. He was aglow with poetic zeal, and eager to explore that half-hidden realm, ravishing glimpses of which had been vouchsafed to him during his summer day-dreams. And he was convinced that science must be his guide to this nature's wonder-*realm*. He saw himself already in spirit, laurel-crowned by posterity as the path-breaker of a new era—as the one who had pointed the way for the poetry of the future.

Then, exulting in the gift and the mission which he believed to be his, he jumped up, under the stimulus of his resolution, and hastened down the path toward the village. He had not gone far before he met his sister Harriet, who, as soon as she caught sight of him, ran toward him, holding an open book above her head as if she wished to call his attention to it.

"James! James!" she cried, all out of breath, "your friend Tad has published a book of beautiful poems. Mrs. Collamore lent it to me; she raved about it, and she says that every newspaper she picks up has something to say in praise of it. Tad Northam is getting famous, and I have been borrowing some reflected glory from the fact that he is my brother's friend. Only look at it, how stylish and handsome it is!"

Sutherland took the book in his hands and gazed silently at it. It was a very pretty volume, with a Cupid hiding behind a classical mask stamped in gilt on the cover. A sprig of myrtle, half intertwined with one of laurel, adorned the upper corner. He turned the pages at random, but as his eyes fell upon one of his favorite poems, entitled the "*Hellas Redivivus*," in which he had laid bare his own heart in strong and pregnant images, he shut the book hastily, and with something resembling a groan turned away.

"Why, how very queerly you act, James!" exclaimed his sister in surprise. "I really believe you are envious of your friend's success."

He did not answer, but handed her the book and walked away. He tried hard to suppress every ungenerous emotion and even to urge excuses for Northam's action, but the handsome page with the clear type pursued him like a haunting vision and made him cry out with anger and pain and sharp disappointment. He even clenched his fist as he went and shook it at some invisible antagonist, then suddenly reflected on the figure he was making and laughed bitterly at his own wrath. Before he reached home, all his indignation had evaporated and only a horrible dejection remained. As he passed the post-office where the mail was just being distributed by a limp and dispirited old maid, he saw a letter in his box and fortified his patience while waiting until the little window should be opened. The letter was from Northam and read as follows:

"DEAR JIM:—I have got a white elephant on my hands and wish you would relieve me of him. Your poems are making me famous, and I am not quite pachydermatous enough to endure praise which I have not earned. It sings me badly and makes me smart. When in a fit of weakish pity I saved your MS. from the fire because I believed it deserved a better fate, I thought little how far-reaching and complicated would be the effects of our bargain. Would you believe it, Jim, this affair is making a villain of me; therefore I beg of you to come to my rescue. Let us publish a card in the New York and Boston

dailies, you avowing and I disavowing the authorship of 'Myrtle and Bay.' Tell the whole truth about it if you choose. I am willing to bear the odium which will attach to me for my part of the transaction. Telegraph your reply, for there is no time to be lost. I am deucedly uncomfortable and shun the newspapers like pest. Do not now, as your custom is, go about cogitating and ruminating for a week before arriving at a conclusion. Seize opportunity by the throat and believe me,

"As ever, your friend,

"T. N. NORTHAM."

Sutherland read and re-read this letter half a dozen times. There was a tone in it which he did not like—a vague superiority instead of the old admiring submission. Northam apparently presumed to give him—James Sutherland—advice, and to criticise his habits. It would be too paradoxical if the importance which Tad had acquired by the publication of these borrowed poems should have made him feel superior to their author. James was in a morbid frame of mind, and as obvious reasons were always the last to suggest themselves to him, he expended much energy in conjectures regarding his friend's probable motive. It occurred to him that this might all be part of a deep-laid and cleverly-conceived plan for forcing him into assuming the public rôle of a poet—a sort of benevolent scheme for saving him from his own over-scrupulousness and vacillation. But should he allow himself to be thus maneuvered like a chessman on a board? and should he acknowledge himself checkmated as long as there was yet a counter-move possible? The more he pondered the more unlikely it seemed that Tad should ever have contemplated appropriating the fame which belonged to another, while the rôle of a benevolent intermeddler seemed perfectly consistent with his character. But he—James—would give him a lesson in intermeddling which he would not soon forget. He would compel him to father the collection which he had himself so prematurely precipitated into the world, and if his unearned fame caused him discomfort, it was exactly what he deserved for his unwarranted interference. The real author of "*Myrtle and Bay*," he reasoned, had certainly a sufficient fund of poetic ability left to make his own reputation, when his own time should come, and in the meanwhile he could well afford to fling a handful of youthful lyrics into the world and make a fleeting reputation for one who might otherwise never have a chance to rise above his natural mediocrity. The result of these meditations was that Sutherland, instead of telegraphing, sat down and wrote his friend a not over-friendly note, in which he refused to accede to his request, and told him to abide by the consequences of his own folly.

#### IV

MARGARET HUNGERFORD was one of those rare New England girls who, in their disposition and character, anticipate the twentieth century; for we call a girl eccentric now who cares more for geology than for millinery, and whose eyes beam with enthusiasm as some beautiful fact of physics or chemistry for the first time dawns upon her mind. It was this fine intelligence, and her capacity for enthusiasm, which would have made Margaret Hungerford exceptional anywhere but in New England. There, however, women (and I had nearly said intelligent women) are, in numbers at least, the public, and their opinion is public opinion. And this public opinion has, of recent years, voted intelligence in women commendable, while in New York it is only pardonable.

In regard to her position, too, Margaret was exceptional; her father, who had died when she was sixteen, had tried to atone by his kindness to her for his harshness to his son, who had left home under peculiarly distressing circumstances and had gone west, leaving behind him the reputation of a prodigal. It was supposed that he was dead; at all events, he had never been heard from. His father, if he relented at all, would have been ashamed to betray any sign of it; nevertheless, his over-indulgence of, and tenderness to, his daughter may have been a kind of indirect repentance. He had, like so many others, the perverted notion that harshness hardens a boy and steels his manhood, while gentleness is more efficacious in correcting the faults of a girl; and he found his authority for this in the Bible, which recommends the rod as the proper instrument of education for a son, while, as far as he knew, there was no sacred precedent for whipping a daughter. A wider application of this same theory induced him to leave the bulk of a very considerable fortune to his daughter, while he made no provision for the possibility that his son might some day be found among the living. That he trusted the former, who had a highly sensitive conscience, to right this wrong, if the opportunity should ever present itself, is not impossible; but even if such be the case, he must be credited with great consistency in having left no hint, oral or written, which implied the existence of the prodigal.

Among the many possessions which had been left to Margaret at her father's death was a beautiful villa in Berkshire, and it had been the custom of the family to retire thither about the middle of June, and to remain until the beginning of October. It was an enviable thing to see her there of a morning raising her fine head among the roses and hollyhocks, and it may have been a vague recognition of this which attracted esthetic connoisseurs from Boston and elsewhere to the neighboring village, which boasted a hotel with spindle-legged sideboards and much old-fashioned china. At all events, the Villa Fortuna, as some one who had courted the goddess in vain had nicknamed it, had a constant throng of visitors during the summer months, and remote relatives sprung up in all sorts of unheard-of places, eager to profit by the hospitality of the spacious Berkshire mansion. Young ladies with a flavor of Vassar were, it is said, made particularly welcome; while gentlemen, owing to the exclusively feminine character of the household, were relegated for the night to the village hotel; for old Mrs. Hungerford, who had Puritan antecedents, was a stickler for the proprieties, and her sister, Mrs. Tappan, who, since her husband's demise, made her home with the Hungerfords, was a veritable dragon, and suspected every man who made a ten minutes' call at the Villa Fortuna, of harboring matrimonial designs against her niece. She had, however, so profound a respect for the latter that she never made herself inconvenient, but contented herself with discussing her deep surmises with her sister, whose credulity in such matters only stimulated her ingenuity.

It was already late in the season—the middle of August or thereabouts. Margaret was seated on the wide veranda of the Berkshire villa, reading aloud from a volume upon whose back a gilt Cupid peeping through a classic mask was visible. The trumpet-vines and honeysuckles were in their glory, and they made a green bower of the east end of the piazza, and allowed just enough daylight to filter through their dense woof to make reading agreeable. In a hammock which was swung between two pillars in the shadiest corner, a young lady was reclining; one of her feet peeped forth

from under a mass of flounces and things, and every now and then she threw ecstatic glances toward the ceiling. This was Miss Harriet Sutherland, James' sister, who was a frequent summer visitor at the Villa Fortuna. She was playing the part of an ambassador at a semi-hostile court. For her brother James and Margaret Hungerford were sufficiently far advanced in their intimacy to have occasional misunderstandings, and Harriet, the dearest wish of whose heart was to see them some day man and wife, was then sent, under some pretense, on a diplomatic mission, and peace was again proclaimed. As for the misunderstandings, they were invariably of James' own contriving, and it was this very circumstance which made Miss Harriet's situation as a negotiator so peculiarly delicate. He took offense very easily, when he was in the mood for it, and could say and write shocking things, which he afterward regretted. For the present the episode with the book had completely untuned him, and his sister, observing his irritability without knowing its cause, had dissuaded him from associating with any one upon whose good-will his happiness depended. At the same time, as he knew that Margaret would expect his presence in the village, as usual, during the summer months, and an explanation of some sort would be needed to account for his capricious desertion of her, he was content to dispatch so competent an ambassador to represent his interests at the Berkshire court. Yet, to be frank, Margaret's heart was already and at all times so favorably inclined toward her foe, whose refinement of thought and feeling she admired, that, in all likelihood, a little boldness, a little unscrupulous self-assertion, on his part was all that was needed to make his victory decisive. It was in her nature to delight in everything which was out of the common run, and like a "Lady of Shalott," she was easily captured in the subtle woof of charming talk which her adorer gradually threw around her. And the oddity of it was that, although fully conscious of his gifts, he was never conscious of employing them for any such purpose. He talked as the spider spins, and if an imprudent fly was foolish enough to get caught in his web he pitied her, perhaps, and while appropriating her disavowed any hostile intention in so doing.

The two young ladies, I was saying, were sitting on the veranda an hour after breakfast, running over newly-published poems.

"How I have misjudged that man," cried Margaret enthusiastically. "To think that Tad Northam should have written this!" and she resumed reading in a tenderly monotonous voice, and with eyes which, finding suppression vain, had ceased to be ashamed of their tears.

"It is all so beautiful, so delicate, so tenderly self-restrained," she said, placing the book, face down, on her lap. "And to think that this man whom we have, with all his fine qualities, thought a little ordinary, perhaps, should have treasured all his finer thoughts and put them down in this volume, while giving us the commonplace ones which he did not think particularly valuable. I like the idea, too, of a man's hoarding his mental capital, instead of expending it perpetually in small change. It requires a kind of sublime self-denial to wear a commonplace mask when you know all the while that you are the peer of the very best. The only thing that I dislike about the present case is my falling so readily into the trap—my not having penetration enough to discover the disguise. It makes me feel humble, and the more so because I always prided myself on the possession of this exceptional insight."

This new idea of Northam as a kind of intellectual martyr, who for some occult reason went about scattering light commonplaces and hiding his deeper wisdom, impressed the young lady vividly, and she reverted to it again and again during her reading. It was her habit to idealize her friends, and it gave her satisfaction to find the key to some imagined sublimity in a prosaic character. She had a noble interpretation even for a sordid act, and imagined mental conflicts and interesting complications where none existed. Nude selfishness, such as prompts the vast majority of human acts, she was unable to conceive of as a motive for anything. Her mind refracted the ordinary moral light of the world into all its beautiful possibilities, tingeing each with a red or blue or yellow halo of sentiment. To be in her presence for ten minutes was like a moral bath. Your sordid self evaporated and you began to feel heroic; all the fine things you once believed yourself capable of, but which, through your present cynical spectacles, you looked upon as childish, approached again within the range of possibility. Those placid blue eyes, which beamed so kindly, expressed a faith in your generosity and goodness which you had not the heart to disappoint. This, at all events, was Sutherland's feeling whenever he found himself within reach of her vision; all his native indecision vanished, his cynicism, which he believed to represent the maturest wisdom of the age, seemed weak and puerile, and all sorts of sanguine hopes and plans began to stir in his brain. If he conducted himself, while conversing with her, not only as a man of fine words but as one to whom greatness of whatever sort seemed within easy reach, it was not a part he was playing, but it was her presence which had the effect of banishing his weakness and making him conscious of his strength. Her beauty, too, which was of a gentle and subdued kind, appealed to him in a hundred subtle ways. Perhaps, according to the Fifth Avenue standard, she was not what the herd call beautiful. Her features were not in themselves very noticeable, but it was the light which shone out of them which made them highly attractive, and in rare moments transfigured them. Usually her complexion was a clear blond pallor, but when she spoke she blushed readily, as if deprecating her own boldness, and as her interest rose, her color was apt to deepen. Her manner ordinarily was a little demure and lacked the freedom and vivacity which are bred only by intercourse with the great world; but for all that, she could speak with a beautiful animation which was not the natural radiation of deep and genuine feeling. Miss Sutherland, who was perhaps at first sight more striking than her friend, possessed also to a far greater extent that *empressment* which is held to be peculiarly feminine. She was a restless girl, devoured by ambition and impatient of her poverty. She was determined to have a career, had once thought seriously of going on the stage, but had finally staked all her hopes for worldly advancement upon two cards: her brother's marriage and her own good looks, which she rated strictly at their marketable value. Though by nature high-spirited and a little scornful, she was ready to mould her conduct so as to serve her ambition, and she was especially diplomatic in her likes and dislikes. While admiring Margaret quite sincerely and sympathizing with her in many of her tastes, she yet felt herself as her superior, and wondered how much better she herself could have supported the dignity of an heiress to half a million. Thus was the situation on that morning in August when the two young ladies were singing the praises of the new poet. They had just arrived at a passage in a

poem in which Margaret could not help recognizing a veiled allusion to herself, and when the idea once had suggested itself, the instances multiplied. The color sprang to her cheeks and she longed to be alone. The thought that there was a poet in the world (and a great one, too, whom the world would some day honor among its very first) who had celebrated her in his songs and under all manner of classical disguises, always addressed her and her alone—this thought had a fascination to her to which she longed to surrender in luxurious solitude, and to ponder its beautiful meaning. She threw herself back in her chair and began to turn the leaves she had already read with eager interest, while her friend's eyes watched her from the hammock with an uneasy look. The conclusion was irresistible that this whole volume was a delicately-veiled declaration of love, and that she herself was the object of all this worship she could scarcely doubt. The evidence, though unintelligible to any one else, was plain to her. And it was this delightful understanding which it established between herself and the poet which pleased and flattered her, though, of course, she would beware of betraying to him any hint that the understanding was mutual. She had always dreaded more or less the explicit declaration of love which in due time must follow every courtship, but here was a man who had the wit to invent a new and nobler form than the common prosaic proposal. She felt herself already as a Laura or a Beatrice, whose fame should live in the songs which could not die, and who should reap a beautiful immortality through the love which she had inspired. Half oblivious of her friend's presence, she was drifting into a happy reverie when she was startled by footsteps with a singular elasticity and decision in them. They were the footsteps of a successful man—a man who expected a good deal from life and was determined to have it. They hastened over the gravel, mounted the steps to the piazza, and, before she had time to reflect, Tad Northam stood before her. There was a slight confusion in her manner, as she rose and reached him her hand, but that treacherous blush only heightened the effect of her beauty.

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Northam," she said, looking up with frank kindness into his face; "you have grown famous since we met last, and as I have never had the opportunity to observe the effect of fame upon people, I was almost curious to see you again."

"Pray, don't make me blush, Miss Hungerford," said Northam with his great voice. "The less said about my fame, as you are good enough to call it, the better. Thereby hangs a tale, and some day I sincerely hope I shall be at liberty to make a clean breast of it."

There was, as she understood it, a frank audacity in this speech which by its very oddity pleased her. That he had reference to herself as the subject of his songs she could not doubt, and it seemed quite consistent with his character as a great, hearty and unconventional fellow that he should allude to his love for her in his very first remark. Harriet Sutherland, who, though she had no clew to the situation, observed a suppressed agitation in Margaret's face, now started out of her corner and shook hands with the visitor, who had not until this moment been aware of her presence.

"Allow me to congratulate you on your success as a poet, Mr. Northam," she said, with considerable effusion. "You certainly must have felt your ears burning, for Miss Hungerford and myself have been chanting your praise, antiphonally, ever since breakfast, one always responding when the other left off."



"It must have been a highly edifying performance," ejaculated Northam, laughing.

"Exceedingly, I assure you. We have decided that you are the coming man who is to cut out Longfellow and Lowell and all the rest of them."

"How very good of you! I shall feel in duty bound to do something tremendous now, if only to justify your faith."

"Don't!" cried Harriet; "don't be tremendous! There would be no virtue in believing in you any more then. It will only discourage your friends, who can then no longer claim any peculiar distinction in discerning your greatness."

"Well, then," responded Northam, still in the same bantering mood, "I will remain what I am, an eminent mediocrity, so that my friends may have the comfort of prophesying great things for me."

"But after what you have already done, Mr. Northam," observed Margaret, who never felt quite at home in a humorous discussion (for, to be candid, her sense of humor was but imperfectly developed), "it requires no great insight to prophesy what is to come. You have, after all, not shown the regard for your friends which you profess."

Northam colored slightly and stroked his blond beard.

"I have done nothing, Miss Hungerford," he said, with considerable emphasis, "and I am not entitled to your praise; and yet my position is such that I cannot explain."

Margaret, who imagined that she caught the import of this strange declaration, began to grow a little uneasy. He was apparently only waiting for the first opportunity to press his suit—had perhaps made the journey from New York for that purpose. She admitted to herself that all this invested him with a new interest in her eyes, and yet she was by no means prepared to give a categorical answer to so momentous a query. Nevertheless there was something delightful in this impatience of a man of business who had no time to waste on sentimental preliminaries, but having dispatched his message in a beautiful and unmistakable form, had now come to have the question definitely decided. There was something attractive, too, in the large and robust form of this man, his frank, sunburnt countenance, his sanguine talk and well-defined ambitions.

She knew all these things from of old, but it was only the recent discovery in regard to the poems which had made this not unusual combination of our national characteristics worthy of her special attention. It was the fact that he combined, as she thought, aggressive practical sense with refinement and subtlety of thought which made him appear even superior to James Sutherland, who possessed only the latter. It seemed no longer to his disadvantage that he dressed with indifferent taste and with a view to protection rather than adornment; it seemed rather to be part of the same robust manhood which could not stoop to the consideration of the petty details of existence. It was, after all, this sturdy Americanism represented by him and his like which made us the great nation we are, while the super-refinement and imported European sensibility represented by Harvard cynics had really no legitimate place in the young soil of our continent. It was an imported disease which was spread only by European contagion, but was not developed by the conditions of our own soil and climate. Margaret was quite patriotic in her sentiments, and though I cannot say how much weight this latter consideration had with her, it is not

unlikely that it made her look with something more than charity upon the little deficiencies of Northam's toilet. He interested her supremely, and by the very fact of the contradictions in the qualities which she attributed to him, and she was not psychologist enough to know that some of these were irreconcilable.

## V

NORTHAM was in no haste to leave the elm-shaded village among the Berkshire hills. He needed to draw breath, he declared, before starting in the race of his profession, and this was as good a place as any for purposes of respiration. In the meanwhile, he made friends with the "butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers," talked politics with the postmaster and the proprietor of the livery-stable, and gave the hotel-keeper, who had a taste for genealogy, useful hints for tracing the ramifications of his family. Miss Sutherland, who drove down daily with Margaret for the mail, heard him referred to in the post-office as "Tad" Northam before he had been a week in the place, and was somewhat amazed when Margaret defended him, almost fiercely, against her imputation of showing vulgarity in the choice of his associates. Harriet perceived at once the situation, and she sat down and wrote an urgent letter to her brother James, beseeching him to come without delay and assert his influence over Margaret, as there was little doubt that his friend Northam was on the point of cutting him out. She begged him to rouse himself from his false security and to open his eyes to the fact that Northam, whatever he might formerly have been, was not now a harmless rival. He drove and promenaded with Margaret daily, and since the publication of his poems, which were undeniably beautiful, had raised him to eminence as a man of letters, she had certainly given him some encouragement, and found all sort of charming qualities in him which were not visible to unprejudiced eyes. In reply to this letter, which had certainly not exaggerated the danger to her brother's prospects, she received an exasperatingly dignified epistle, in which the writer deprecated all intention of influencing Miss Hungerford in her choice. If she could find pleasure in association with a crude intellect like Northam's, it was obvious that he must have been mistaken in his estimate of her. Moreover, that barefaced sort of courtship which required one to take a railroad train in order to appear upon the scene for the purpose of cutting out a rival, had always been highly distasteful to him. It savored of the barbaric infancy of mankind, when an actual race took place or a fight with fists or knives, and the swiftest or the strongest carried off the bride to his tent. He admitted there had been moments when he had desired to carry off Margaret Hungerford to his tent, but he had always been restrained by the utter absurdity of disavowing all sordid motives when half a million or more were thrown in in the bargain. Now, the undisguised bride-purchase which probably at an earlier stage of civilization prevailed among all nations was certainly preferable to this sentimental shamming, standing up at the altar and professing to love, quite apart from her financial attractiveness, the possessor of half a million. It being acknowledged or implied in the laws of all nations that a bride is a desirable possession, it was much more pardonable in a woman to sell herself (according to time-honored custom) to the rich man than for the poor man to appropriate an heiress, with her property, under a sentimental pretense. On the day when he should be able to do this unblushingly and with good grace he would present



himself at the Villa Fortuna; in the meanwhile, while he was training, he preferred to remain where he was.

Harriet could hardly conceal her chagrin on the receipt of this letter. If it had not been for the advantages which she expected to derive from her brother's marriage with her friend she would have been tempted to abandon his cause and leave him to his own foolish devices. She had little doubt, however, but that she could yet bring the affair to a successful issue, if she could only gain a little time, and in order to do this she determined to put a few obstacles in Northam's path and to retard his march of conquest. His extreme modesty in regard to his poems, and his evident unwillingness to talk about them, awoke a suspicion in her mind that possibly he was not himself their author. At all events, this depreciation of all personal merit in this connection harmonized ill with the general aggressiveness of his character. If she could bring Margaret to share this doubt she knew that the poetic Goliath would lose his heroic character and become once more the loud and commonplace American he had formerly been. She was only waiting for an opportunity to "disillusionize" her; but somehow the opportunity would never come. In the meanwhile her own doubt deepened into a kind of wavering conviction, and a fresh perusal of the volume at last brought her to the verge of certainty. She believed that in consequence of some mysterious bargain between her brother and Northam, the former's poems had been given to the world under the latter's name, and now Northam was outwitting his friend, despoiling him with the very weapons which he had himself furnished. Harriet grew to hate Northam, and the very sight of him roused her ire. She strove not to betray this frame of mind, and as much as at stake she could not afford to yield to petty impulses.

It was one evening, about eleven o'clock, that the two girls were standing before their mirrors combing out their hair. Harriet, whose thick dark locks half concealed an opulent bust and superb shoulders, was looking pityingly through the open door at the little maidenly figure of her friend, whom Nature had constructed after a more economical pattern. Her pale-blond silken hair shaded a brow of exquisite purity, but there was no tropical luxuriance in its growth, only a decent New England sufficiency. Harriet had a sudden impulse of tenderness for these poor little shoulders, and stealing up from behind she flung her arms about Margaret's waist, drew her up to her bosom and covered her neck and arms with kisses. Margaret, half-amazed, yet unwilling to repel her friend, yielded shyly to her embrace and seated herself, without visible reluctance, at her side on the lounge before the empty fireplace. She sat bolt upright, and with a shade of embarrassment in her serious face; for she was almost culpably destitute of coquetry, and had no genius for lounging.

"I want to have a little talk with you, Maggie, dear," said Harriet, clasping her hands behind her head and throwing herself backward among the pillows; but you must promise me beforehand that you will not be offended if I should happen to shock you a little."

"I don't suppose I run any risk in promising," replied Margaret, rising and flinging a wrapper over her shoulders; "and yet, foolish as it may seem, I don't like to make rash promises."

Harriet's strange overture had made her a little uneasy, and her habitual over-conscientiousness asserted itself.

"What a perfectly absurd little puss you are," cried Miss Sutherland laughing, "with your prim little ways

and your rigid, old-fashioned notions! One might suppose, judging by your face, that I was going to propose mixing sulphur matches in somebody's coffee, and extort from you a promise beforehand that you wouldn't object. What terrible propositions have I then made to you, that you should think me so dangerous?"

"Pardon me, Hattie dear," replied Margaret, feeling vaguely guilty, and yet hardly knowing how to avoid giving offense; "I know I am odd, but really I can't help it. I was brought up in such a peculiar way, you know, and hardly ever was brought into contact with other girls, until I was grown up and my oddity confirmed. But, tell me what you have to say, and I will listen to you sympathetically, and I think there is no danger of your shocking me."

"After such a formidable preface, I shall find it harder than ever to commence," laughed Harriet a little hysterically; "no, on the whole, I have nothing of any consequence to say, and I am no longer in the mood for talking. Good-night, dear; sleep light, and dream of your poet."

With an impulsive movement she jumped up, ran into her own room, blew out the lamp and slipped into bed. Margaret, half-disconcerted by the suddenness of her flight, stood for a moment wavering, then followed her slowly, and groping her way in the dark seated herself upon the bedside.

"Hattie, dear," she essayed feebly.

No answer.

"I did not mean to offend you."

Hattie heaved a sigh and pressed her face against the pillow. Margaret stooped down and stroked her hair silently, until she felt a pair of soft arms about her neck, and a voice whispered in her ear:

"What are you going to say when Mr. Northam proposes to you, Maggie? For you know well enough that that is what he is here for."

Margaret made an effort to draw her head away, but she could not.

"How can you talk so—so—so dreadfully?" she whispered breathlessly.

"Well, it is dreadful," retorted the other; "or, rather, it would be if you knew him as well as I do."

"What do you mean? No, no, I don't want to listen to you. Take your arms away." And with a vehement motion she broke away from Hattie's embrace and bounded into the middle of the floor.

"It is well enough to refuse to listen," her friend went on calmly, "but did it ever occur to you why he is so modest about his poems? In my opinion, it is because he didn't write them. He is not given to deprecating his worth in other things. You remarked yourself how unexpected such a performance was from a man like him—"

Here Miss Sutherland became aware that she was haranguing the unresponsive walls; the door had gently closed and she heard the snap of a parlor match and the rustle of starched draperies in the next room. She felt hurt and angry and wished in her heart she had been rich, so that she could afford to show her anger. But, being debarred from this privilege, she sank backward with a sigh of resignation and was soon asleep.

Margaret, in the meanwhile, was standing at the open window, gazing dimly into space. She was agitated and yet singularly calm; twenty generations of Puritanic self-repression had produced in her an habitual composure—a composure which betokened self-command—not callousness. The locusts and the tree toads were having a carnival somewhere; the air was teeming with their noises. The frogs too were musical

in the horse-pond behind the stables, and a belated cat-bird was mewing for his mate among the elder-bushes. Straggling swarms of fire-flies were conducting their nocturnal courtship about the rose-hedges, displaying their brilliant side to much advantage in the twilight. The moon, who was advertised to appear, was just sending a faint glow upward among the western clouds, but lingered yet beneath the ridge of the mountains. Gradually all these subdued sights and sounds penetrated through the girl's preoccupied sense, and her excited mind began to find repose in observation. Obeying a momentary impulse, she put on her dress, and flung a light shawl over her shoulder, and descended into the garden. She had never known fear, and she felt as secure among her roses and hollyhocks at midnight as at noon. The thought of Northam pursued her. She had in her mind indignantly repelled Harriet's insinuation, but she felt nevertheless that she owed her adorer reparation for having passively listened to it. She had a passionate sense of loyalty for her friends, and often suffered from remorse, because she had not sufficient aggressiveness to meet an attack upon their honor with the proper spirit. She certainly ought to have defended Northam and declared how profound was her own belief in him. She had lived so long in the thought of him and his love for her, that without her own knowledge she had become his partisan, or something more than a partisan. She would hardly have believed, a fortnight ago, that a man of his character and appearance could have appealed to her; and here she was, walking restlessly through the night, filled with burning resentment, because some one had brought a charge against his integrity.

She had just reached the corner of the garden, where two paths, separated from the carriage-road by tall hawthorn hedges, met at a right angle, when she heard footsteps upon the gravel, and looking up saw Northam's tall figure approaching. Her surprise staggered her, and before she had determined whether to remain or steal away, she became aware that there was no choice left for her. Northam was hardly less bewildered than herself when the crunching of the gravel under her feet betrayed her presence; he paused half a dozen feet from her, lifted his hat, advanced again and then apologized for having disturbed her. He seemed dejected, and it was evident that he was endeavoring to talk about everything except what was weighing upon his mind.

"I suppose you think it queer," he said with a constrained laugh, "my prowling about here like a thief in the night. You would hardly imagine me the kind of fellow that would go about moping, confiding his misery to the moon."

"I don't see that there is anything undignified in being unhappy and concealing it, if that is what you mean," replied Margaret sympathetically. Her heart was thumping away at an exaggerated tempo, and she felt a curious inclination to shiver; it did seem extraordinary that Northam should select her garden for a nocturnal promenade, and she could hardly stultify herself against the only explanation possible. She felt, too, that it was this very consciousness which embarrassed him and made his conversation appear forced.

"I suppose I shall have to account for myself in some rational manner, Miss Margaret," he said, as he strolled on slowly at her side; "and, to be frank, my ingenuity is not equal to any deception which would have a shadow of plausibility. The fact is, I am going away to-morrow, and as I did not trust myself to bidding you good-by, Miss Margaret, I came here to throw a silent

good-by up to your window. I don't deny, there seemed to be a grain of comfort to me in that kind of sentimental lunacy. If I were not tongue-tied, and miserably wretched in consequence, I should not be talking to you in riddles, but I should speak out boldly like a man and take the consequences."

"What do you mean by being tongue-tied," she asked in a hushed voice.

"That is just what I can't explain to you. And yet—and yet,"—he paused, threw his head backward and gazed into the sky, through which the moon was now sailing, scattering a mist of light on its path—"if you knew how it galls me to be appearing another than I am. I love you, Margaret; I suppose it is no secret to you; and I doubt if it is of much consequence to you one way or another. But I shall feel better now I have said it, and I can commence on a new leaf, as it were, when that thing is settled and out of the way."

If he had made the most eloquent appeal to her it never would have moved her as did this desperate recklessness and humility. This great robust, energetic man was suffering and she alone could help him. That he had some mysterious sorrow which his conscience would not permit him to reveal made him only the more romantically attractive. She could not doubt that his secret, whatever it was, was an honorable one, and she was conscious of no petty curiosity to penetrate so delightful a mystery. If Harriet's words, which a moment ago had incensed her, still lingered in her memory, the thought of connecting them with his avowed misery scarcely occurred to her. She would have liked to make some general declaration of her trust in him, but the phrases which suggested themselves seemed cold and feeble.

"You take too much for granted, Mr. Northam," she murmured at last; "if I suspected your feelings for me, I was never indifferent to them."

"But you insist upon knowing my secret before committing yourself," he said grimly.

"No, no, I insist upon not knowing it," she replied with sudden ardor; "I am not a bargainer who coolly weighs what I am to receive in return for what I give. It is sufficient to me to know that you are an honorable man, and that you love me."

"Bless you for that word, my darling!" he cried in a voice of subdued ecstasy. "I feel almost like throwing myself on your mercy and telling you all."

"No, no," she protested fervently; "I wish to believe, not to know. There is no virtue in knowing."

"In wishing to be just to you, I have done you cruel injustice," he went on in the same warm, subdued tone; "I was incapable of conceiving such generosity as yours. But you shall have no cause to regret your trust in me."

They paused in the shadow of a lilac jungle which had long shed its bloom, and he stood for some moments gazing earnestly down upon her sweet, upturned face. She seemed so slight and frail and beautiful, he was almost afraid to touch her.

"I must go," she whispered; "good-night!"

A stray moonbeam flickered across her smiling face, and its appealing innocence touched him. He stooped down and pressed a kiss upon her forehead. He could have fallen down upon his knees before her and worshipped her. The lovely confusion of her smile as she gently disengaged herself from his embrace affected him strangely. It made him humble in the midst of his happiness; and it pursued him like a haunting melody as he stood watching her retreating figure and saw it vanish in the shadow of the great elm-trees.

## VI

NORTHAM had reached the goal of his wishes; and yet he was by no means as happy as he had expected to be. An uneasy feeling took possession of him, and marred his pleasure at every step. He felt as if he had entangled himself in a clinging cobweb, and it was the very intangibility of the threads which bound him which made them unendurable. The thought that Margaret, if she had known that he was not the author of the poems, would never have considered his suit, stung his pride and made him wretched. Turn and twist it as he might, there always remained something radically wrong about the whole business. When he reviewed all that had happened, step by step, it seemed as if in every instance he had acted both rationally and honorably, and yet the sum total of all these acts was an inextricable maze which it was hopeless to disentangle. And to increase his misery, just as there seemed a prospect of a few days of undisturbed peace in Margaret's company, who should appear upon the scene but James Sutherland—whose sister had only the day before relieved them of her presence. There seemed to be a sort of conspiracy between the two never to let Margaret out of their sight, and all their mysterious movements, which had the air of concealing some secret design, made Northam so furious that he could have flung James across the hedge, when one evening he unexpectedly entered the garden and disturbed an interesting *tête-à-tête*. For he was, after all, the author of all these vexatious complications, since he could never speak and act like other men, but was actuated by all sorts of absurdly impalpable motives which it required a moral microscope to discover. The very sight of him was hateful to Northam, and he had to exercise all his power of self-control not to make some physical demonstration of his hostility. Margaret, who was far from suspecting her lover's frame of mind, received her old friend with undisguised cordiality, invited him to dinner for the next day, and inquired with much solicitude for his health. Northam, too, shook hands with a curt "How do you do?" and relapsed into silence, while Margaret and James engaged in an animated conversation. He remarked, with jealous eyes, all the peculiarities in Sutherland's dress and manner, which were to him unattainable—even to the cut of his trousers and the pattern of his socks which were partly visible above his low shoes. He remembered the futility and the ardor with which he had imitated James during their college days, and how, if he went to the same tailor, and duplicated James' orders in sacks, collars and neckties, things somehow never looked the same on him, and he had only discomfort and chagrin in return for his expenditure. He was doomed, it appeared, to feel inferior in this man's presence, while with others he was fully conscious of his powers, but while formerly he had gloried in setting at his feet, he now hated him because that same place was yet freely assigned him.

"I understand you have been busy this summer, Mr. Sutherland," Margaret was saying; "tell me what you have been doing."

"It is very difficult to tell," he replied, with his painstaking English pronunciation, "as I have no results to show for my labor. Chiefly I have been nursing my discontent, and meditating upon the poetry of the future."

"The poetry of the future—why, that is interesting!" she exclaimed, while her face lighted up with that beautiful intelligence which had always constituted her chief charm to her interlocutor. "Pray, tell me what your meditations have been."

They had been walking along the graveled garden paths and now mounted the piazza, upon which half a dozen easy-chairs of various kinds were scattered. The sun had set, but the trumpet-vines and honeysuckles were yet splendid in their bloom; the morning-glories, which intertwined their slender lines with the hardier stems, had closed their bright chalices and curled up for the night. It was the season of the aster, the hollyhock and the sunflower, when the intense golden-rod enlivens the Berkshire glens, and the fields and waysides are alive with myriads of wild flowers.

"I greatly fear we have degenerated into commonplace during your absence, Mr. Sutherland," Margaret continued, as she seated herself and invited her visitor to follow her example. "You know I make no pretensions to originality. I am simply nourished by the intellects of my friends, and if you will allow me to appropriate your reflections on the poetry of the future they will furnish me with a delightful topic of thought and conversation for the next month. You know, poetry is my hobby just now, since Mr. Northam's beautiful poems weaned me from Spencer and Darwin."

"Mr. Northam's beautiful poems—ah!" Sutherland remarked coldly, raising his eyebrows in a significant manner. "You have read them, then?"

"Yes, of course. Haven't you?"

"Yes, that is—a good while ago."

"Oh, you have read them in manuscript, you mean. Why, to be sure, I knew you were Mr. Northam's poetic authority, and that he read everything he wrote to you."

"Yes, that is—eh—before Mr. Northam acquired his present fame," Sutherland observed seriously, glancing at Northam with a curious, quizzical look.

Northam caught the glance, and it stung him to the quick. If Margaret's presence had not restrained him he could not have mastered his wrath. He felt a desire to seize his former idol in his large hands, to crush him and grind him to dust.

"It is very odd," the young lady began, becoming dimly aware of the constrained behavior of her visitors, "something must have happened between you. You seem no longer the same to each other as formerly. Mr. Northam's good humor seems to have deserted him, and you, Mr. Sutherland—what has become of the eloquence and *esprit* which once made you such a delightful companion? I never remember having appealed to you in vain for your opinion before."

"I have outgrown the folly of having opinions," was the non-committal answer, "and Mr. Northam apparently has outgrown the folly of borrowing mine."

"Those which you do not have."

"Those which once I did have and intrusted to him for safekeeping."

"Pardon me, Miss Margaret," exclaimed Northam, jumping up with visible irritation; "I can't stand this any longer. Let James and me have this thing out between us. Let us speak out plainly, like men. It is cowardly to be sitting here inflicting stabs under the cover of friendship. I have respected too long a foolish promise given to him, and it has caused me untold misery. I will respect it no longer."

He raised his voice and grew more excited as he spoke.

"You will excuse me, gentlemen," Margaret interrupted him, rising in visible alarm. "I shall have to withdraw until you have come to an understanding."

"No, no!" cried Northam passionately; "stay! it concerns you as much as it does us."

"I shall have the pleasure of seeing you to-morrow at dinner," she replied with a stately bow, and hastened through the corridor toward the staircase.



"I perceive you have come here to ruin me," growled Northam under his breath, facing his antagonist with a challenging frown.

"I am conscious of no such sinister intention," replied Sutherland coolly; "but if you are bent upon quarreling, let us go where we can be alone. I have no desire to furnish sensational incidents for the Associated Press."

He arose with nonchalant ease, and sauntered down the graveled walk, while Northam reluctantly followed.

"I suppose you are aware that I could crush you with my little finger," the latter continued menacingly.

"I don't doubt it; and if it would gratify you to make the experiment I have no particular objection. Only I would advise you to postpone your gymnastics until we are secure against interruptions."

"Come, I like that; you mean to insinuate that I do not mean what I say,—that I have not the power to make you afraid of me."

"My dear fellow,"—there was a cool superiority in Sutherland's tone which made Northam despair of ever impressing him,—"I mean to insinuate that if you can confront me with anybody or anything which has the power to inspire with any such positive sensation as fear, I shall be sincerely grateful to you."

They walked on for some minutes in silence, Northam feeling his anger ebbing away and his old deference for his friend reasserting itself. Strive as he might, he could not rouse himself sufficiently to shake off his deeply-rooted respect for this strange man who had been to his boyish fancy the personification of all that was admirable.

"Do you mean to say, James," he resumed in a less challenging tone, "that you did not come here thinking that you would strip me of my borrowed feathers; that you did not intend to set Margaret right in regard to the authorship of your poems?"

"If you thought me capable of such duplicity, you certainly acted very foolishly in throwing yourself upon the mercy of such a dangerous person."

"I did act foolishly and I have suffered for it. But I may as well tell you now that I am engaged to Miss Hungerford, and that I wish your permission to make a clean breast of the whole affair, and the sooner the better."

He looked with a vague triumph at his companion to see if he had not this time succeeded in making an impression. But James' features betrayed neither surprise nor disappointment, only a faint, half-suppressed irony.

"Do you know that you are horribly irritating?" Northam burst out with a gesture of despair. "Do you know that it would be a luxury to strangle you?"

"Pray, don't restrain yourself on my account," retorted James carelessly. "You are just the kind of man I have been looking for. Go ahead; I'll offer you every facility."

Of course it was hopeless to discuss anything with a man who had so nearly attained the Nirvana—who would have entertained any proposition, even if it had been to murder him, with the same hospitality. Northam flung himself down in the grass at the wayside and soon found himself interested in tracing out faces in the clouds.

"This sort of amusement induces rheumatism," Sutherland remarked dryly. "The grass is wet with dew. If you must be star-gazing, lie on my overcoat."

He spread this garment on the grass, then seated himself on the stone fence and looked out over the

valley. Perceiving that Northam had not availed himself of his offer, he picked up his overcoat and put it on.

"Tad," he said at last, after a pause of several minutes; "do you know I sometimes envy you your crudity? I feel at this moment an impulse to go out West and commit some deeds of a primitive complexion."

## VII

THE next day was Sunday, and as the three families, constituting the native oligarchy of the village, were all church-goers, this fashion had somehow also imposed itself upon the summer visitors. Sutherland sat on the hotel piazza, bestowing his supercilious attention upon the angular semi-rustic folk who straggled in companies of two and three along the elm-shaded avenue. It was his nature to dislike every one whom he did not know, and to feel patronizingly toward all except a very few of eminent position and ability. The shuffling walk and ill-fitting attire of the villagers afforded him a lugubrious amusement, but, keen though he was in other respects, he had not the eyes to read the histories, often pathetic beyond any fiction, which such crude and rugged features may have to reveal. Northam, in the meanwhile, had crossed the street to procure the Sunday paper, and was engaged in an amicable discussion with a farmer whom his friend the livery-stable keeper had just introduced. He lamented the drouth, listened with interest to some family anecdotes, asked for information about blooded cattle, told some stories about the methods of harvesting on a monster farm in Illinois which he had once visited.

"Was your rustic friend interesting?" Sutherland inquired as Northam returned with his paper.

"Yes, he was a nice old fellow; told me several things I didn't know before," said Northam unaffectedly. "I rarely talk with such old chaps that they don't give me points where I least expect it."

"You should run for Congress," observed James, lighting a cigarette.

"I may some day, but I am in no hurry," was the frank reply.

"He is pitifully obtuse," Sutherland reflected; "he did not observe the irony in my questions."

"He is a most uncomfortable cuttle-fish," Northam thought, attacking the political column in his paper; "you never know exactly what he is driving at."

The Methodist church-bell, which in its youth may have been melodious, began to make a joyful noise at the upper end of the street, and its two rivals—a shrill-tongued Baptist and a mellow, well-bred Episcopalian—chimed in according to their several temperaments. For a few minutes the commotion was painful to sensitive ears; the robins fluttered about excitedly, and the squirrels, who frequented the fences, rushed madly along the sidewalks to learn what under the sun had happened. It was at this juncture of events that the Hungerford carriage—a great lumbering, old-fashioned affair—was seen scattering its dust along the main street in the direction of the Episcopal steeple, and the two young men on the hotel piazza were seized with a simultaneous impulse to go to church. They endeavored to select a pew from which they could have a good view of Miss Hungerford, but the sexton, who was unaware of their purpose, seized them ruthlessly and conducted them to a pew near the door. The top of Margaret's bonnet was all that was visible of her from this point, and as neither of them was a critical student of bonnets, this view afforded them little comfort. It was not until service was over that they caught a



glimpse of her face, which was peaceful and demure. She kept her eyes persistently on the ground as she passed them, but greeted them from the carriage with her wonted affability. Northam, however, who missed the meaning of this little maneuver, engaged a vehicle at the livery-stable and started in hot haste up the hill-side as soon as luncheon was over. He was impatient "to have the thing out," as he expressed it, and to have a plain understanding of what their relations were to be. He dreaded to meet Margaret again in Sutherland's presence, because he foresaw that he would be at a disadvantage, and perhaps lose his temper in consequence. Therefore he meant to forestall him by a bold movement. It took him scarcely ten minutes to reach the villa, to give his horse to the groom and to enter the cool, darkened parlor. An air of serenity and perpetual leisure seemed to reign about the place which was grateful to his overwrought sense. It seemed the last place in the world to be excited in. There was a fine kind of matting on the floor, and the chairs and sofas, which were light and graceful in shape, were covered with creton of a bright pattern. There was a summer unsubstantiality about them which made Northam regard them suspiciously before he concluded to sit down. The walls were covered with the Arundel reproductions of the early Italian masters. Quaint saints gazed down upon him, and martyrs with emaciated bodies and greenish-yellow complexions met his eye wherever he looked. If it had been anybody but Margaret who had decorated her walls with such "extraordinary stuff" (as he mentally named it), he would have sworn that it was a "confounded affectation;" that no person in his right mind could find anything to admire in these livid colors, distorted attitudes and unnatural expressions. But so profound was his loyalty for the woman he loved that he would have been incapable of admitting that she had foibles, far less of treating her with the good-humored ridicule which is at the present time the prescribed masculine attitude toward the sex. His view of the Arundel saints therefore only filled him with humility and misgivings as to fitness for a lifelong companionship with a woman so cultivated, so superior to himself, and altogether so wholly adorable. He would never be able to talk with her about the "sublime pathos of self-renunciation" in these pallid old prints, nor about "the passionate outlines" of an old soup-tureen, and all that sort of thing. He smiled to himself at the recollection of an unintentional witticism of which he had been guilty at a kettle-drum in Boston where the hostess had asked him to decipher some curious old Gothic letters on a plate, and he had innocently spelled out C. O. D. (a G being very naturally mistaken for a C). James, on the other hand, was "up" on all the latest crazes, and could talk beautifully on the most trivial subject. Ought he then, perhaps, to surrender Margaret to James, provided she was willing to be surrendered, on the ground that they would be more sympathetic in china, more harmonious on pottery? Sad as he was, he could not suppress these droll fancies, which always persisted in entering his head when they would be most out of place. It was plain enough that he was a commonplace man, and was not cut out for a romantic lover. Considered, however, in the light of a husband, he had reason to think that he would be an eminent success. There are very few unmarried men, by the way, who do not think that (provided they got the right sort of a wife) they could play the marital rôle charmingly.

Fully twenty minutes had elapsed while Northam sat staring at the pre-Raphaelite saints, absorbed in

lugubrious reflections. Then, as he accidentally looked around, he found Margaret standing at the door, as if hesitating whether or not to enter.

"Ah, I see!" said Northam, starting eagerly toward her; "you are angry with me because I grew excited yesterday in your presence. Of course I know I am a great big awkward fellow, and you must have patience with me; I'll try not to do it again."

There was a boyish, blundering frankness in this speech which disarmed Margaret completely. He was holding both her hands and gazing into her face with an undisguised adoration which it was hard to resist. There was something so manly and honest about him that she could not find it in her heart to tell him the severe things of which she had resolved to speak. She nerved herself, however, with an effort and began abruptly:

"There are some things we ought to speak about first, Mr. Northam, before descending to trifles—"

"Oh, yes!" he cried, with impetuous fervor; "I know what you wish to say. It is my dilemma you wish to get at. Well, let us take it by the horns. I would have made a clean breast of it yesterday if you had permitted it. I would have told you before asking for your love, if you had not insisted upon not knowing."

"But I did not suspect it was that," she burst forth in a breathless whisper.

"And now you do suspect?" he said, mournfully, dropping her hands.

"How can I help it?" she answered coldly. "I believed you the soul of honor."

"The soul of honor!" (He paced across the floor with great strides; then facing her, continued with sad composure): "What have I then done, Margaret, that was not honorable? I saved Sutherland's MS. from the fire and begged his permission to publish the poems. He gave his permission, but forbade me using his name; he seemed to be ashamed of the poems, and called them worthless—youthful rubbish. 'Use your name, or the devil's name, only not mine,' he said. And I, having conceived, what seemed to me a delightful plan, put my own name to the collection; not because I wished to reap the fame which justly belonged to James, but because I firmly believed in James' greatness, and intended as soon as the collection became famous to publish a card, signed by him and myself, revealing the real authorship. I knew James' unhappy temperament, and that, left to his own devices, he would never publish a line, and never make the world aware of his extraordinary gifts. I was willing to take the odium of the lie in order to help James to his due. It seemed to me a loss to the world, an irreparable calamity, if these poems were to be destroyed, and I knew that James in his next despondent mood would surely burn them. My name was obscure, and therefore I could afford to father an unsuccessful book, in case it should prove a failure. But, as you know, it was not a failure, and when I wrote to James, asking his permission to publish his name as the real author, he answered me churlishly, being in one of his bad moods probably (for James, you know, is not strong), and forced me into a false position, from which I have ever since endeavored to disentangle myself. It is a humiliation in itself to be obliged thus to defend myself, but you have a right to know, and you are the only one for whose opinion I greatly care."

Margaret, had she been a creature of impulse, would have been touched by this impetuous plea, as she had been often touched before by the contrast between

Northam's aggressiveness to others and his gentleness and humility toward herself. But in spite of the ardor of her temperament she was not exactly a creature of impulse. A prejudice, a suspicion (even if unjust), could strike deep root in her mind, and there was a certain rigidity in her moral nature which made it hard for her to re-adapt her judgment to its former enthusiastic attitude. While she leaped at intellectual conclusions, she formed her moral conclusions only after cautious deliberation. She wished to be scrupulously just to her adorer, and as she pondered his words she felt that they were true. She had promised to become his wife, and it was not his fault if she had persisted in investing him with imaginary attributes. He had, by the generosity of his nature, been led into an apparent deception, but he had writhed under the sense of it, and would have undeceived her before receiving her pledge had she not perversely objected. She saw all this clearly, but could not yet suppress a certain irritation at herself for having been duped, and at Northam for having unconsciously favored her hallucinations. She was angry with him for not being what she had fancied him to be, and she was humiliated at the thought of the elaborate romance she had constructed on the basis of the poems, all of which had been a fantastic delusion. And yet, though it was her impulse to punish Northam for his share in these complications, her sense of justice restrained her. How could she revenge herself on him for her own folly? While these reflections occupied her she kept silence. She was sitting with her head thrown thoughtfully backward and her fingers dovetailed on her lap. Northam, though he was incapable of criticising her, was getting nervous. He thrust his hands into his pockets, walked to the window, and made a pretense of watching the robins upon the lawn. The sunshine without was warm, and the great elms threw compact and definite shadows on the grass. "She is going to throw me overboard," he thought, and a miserable sense of desolation stole over him; "she is meditating some gentle way of doing it."

He was not aware that Margaret's thoughts had taken a sudden turn in his favor. She began to contemplate the motives which had prompted him to assume the responsibility of thrusting fame upon his friend; and she contrasted his generous impetuosity with the guarded, half-contemptuous attitude of Sutherland, who, with spiteful perversity, refused to extricate him from a difficulty incurred in his behalf; nay, refused to accept the fame which would be his for the asking, because it would involve him in indebtedness to one whom he regarded as his inferior. Here was again material fertile in dramatic possibilities, and undismayed by her recent experience, Margaret set to work elaborating a new character for Northam, scarcely less noble than the one she had just discarded. It was a long time before she spoke, but the object of her thought, as he caught an occasional glimpse of her face, judged by her sweet expression that her meditations were pleasant.

"Well," he said, walking back into the room and facing her squarely, "you have judged me and found me wanting."

"No," she answered gently; "I have not found you wanting. I have only had to reissue my judgment in a revised edition. I have not responded very ardently to your declarations of love, Mr. Northam, because I had to get my admiration on a safe basis before I could begin to love. With me to love is to admire, and my love would be only the second stage of my admiration. If that sounds cool to you, you must excuse me; but I believe that in some degree it is true of every woman."

Northam smiled a broad, undisguised smile, like that of a boy who got unexpectedly a promise of a holiday. He had a sense of exhilaration, of irrepressible delight, which set his great physique as inevitably in motion as the propelling power does a steam-engine.

"That was very, very kind of you," he said stooping to grasp her hand. "I knew you would not do me the injustice to think ill of me. I too need admiration as the basis of my love, and it is upon that safe foundation that I have all these years been building the towering edifice with which you are now confronted. I thank you again for your trust in me, and I swear to you, though I know it is happily unnecessary, that I am as honest and good-hearted a fellow as ever trod in a pair of shoes."

He stood stroking her hand, which lay passively in his large palm, and as he finished speaking raised it respectfully to his lips.

"I feel like taking you up in my arms and carrying you through life, lest you hurt your little feet against the stones," he went on joyously; "and I have great, strong arms, you see, which would make a safe resting-place."

"You would be doing me a poor service if you were to carry out that threat," she protested, smiling; "I like to think that my feet are equal to all the rough places which are likely to come in their way."

Yet, with all her New England independence, she liked his assumption of protectorship, she liked his great masculine bulk, and she liked even his awkward and respectful tenderness. All these things accorded so well with the new character she had ascribed to him that she forgot that he had ever appealed to her in any other capacity. Now the gates were opened for unrestrained communication, and they sat absorbed in each other's happiness until Sutherland surprised them by his arrival. Margaret then got up in some confusion, for it was nearly six o'clock and she had invited company for dinner.

#### VIII

It was about three months after this event that Margaret and Northam were married, and went to settle in a flourishing New England town, where there was a promising field for an ambitious lawyer. Sutherland, by the way, refused to lend the dignity of his presence to the wedding ceremony, and showed plainly enough that he did not approve of the match. It was rumored, in a vague way, that he was at work upon a new volume of poems which was to embody the most modern philosophy, and give the key-note to the poetry of the future. James, it was understood, had abandoned the idea of practicing his profession, but was deeply absorbed in scientific investigation, and meant to utilize the knowledge thus acquired in the service of poetry. He denounced bitterly the old classical college course, which, he declared, had made him waste a dozen years of his life, while he might, by acquiring a scientific knowledge of Nature, have fitted himself for the career upon which he now meant to enter. In the meanwhile, society lost track of him, and those few with whom he came in casual contact did not find him a pleasant companion. He was scarcely less brilliant than formerly, but his wit was caustic, and his temperament seemed soured and irritable. His conversation consisted chiefly of cynical epigrams. If his were the scientific view of life (as he himself maintained), it certainly was a most uncomfortable one. He had applied for an assistant professorship at Harvard, but as he had never given proof of particular fitness in the branch which he proposed to teach, a man much inferior in talent, though

not in training, was preferred. In the meanwhile he made a precarious living by tutoring, and passed for something of an oracle among undergraduates. There was at one time a good deal of expectancy in regard to the book he was about to publish, but as the years passed by and the book remained unpublished, the interest wore away. Odd as it may seem, this haughty and self-sufficient man was very dependent upon the admiration of uncritical youths. He had hardly been willing to admit how sorely he missed the enthusiastic Northam, when the latter's life had become definitely separated from his own, and I believe that in some moods he would even have forgiven him his marriage for the pleasure of hearing his great hearty voice and sniffing the incense of his worship. James found it a dismal business to be great, as it were, in the dark, where there was no one to witness his greatness. Much as his dignity rebelled, he therefore fell into the habit of bestowing his confidence upon some favored student who would listen admiringly to his discourse and feel honored by his friendship. But these unequal relations were usually of brief duration, and James reflected often bitterly upon the ingratitude of these striplings to whom he had read his choicest poems, and who were now in all likelihood making irreverent remarks about him. He was incapable of seeing that a discontented gentleman of thirty-six, who had accomplished nothing that the world had recognized, could not remain an august personage even to undergraduates. And yet a dim apprehension that his life was slipping away from him sometimes took possession of him and induced him to hasten the publication of the volume which was to establish his fame beyond all cavil and occasion a poetic revolution, something like that inaugurated by Wordsworth in the beginning of the century. But for all that, nearly four years passed before the book actually appeared. There was no publisher who was willing to bring it out, except at the author's expense, and the amount of humiliation and chagrin which he underwent in his efforts to get this noble volume printed gave the finishing touch to his contempt for his kind. The volume, indeed, was remarkable, and deserved a more generous reception than was accorded to it. It lacked the easy flow and lyrical fervor which sixteen years ago had fascinated the public in "Myrtle and Bay," but it was fraught with thought, often daring and vigorous, but expressed with a stately severity, which repelled readers and critics. That kind of books is only pardoned when bearing a great name; coming from an obscure man it is ignored. If "Heart-Beats of Nature" had borne the name of Emerson it would have been devoutly read and respectfully commented upon at home and abroad. But the name, James Sutherland, though it represented a dignified individual, could not impart a corresponding impressiveness to the book. Accordingly "Heart-Beats of Nature" was only mildly ridiculed by some religious weeklies, which thought its spirit anti-Christian, but otherwise it fell flat. James was then forty years old; his mother was dead and his sister long ago married. The loneliness, the failure, the desolation of his life suddenly burst upon him. His hair was thin and sprinkled with gray; his face yellow, lean and wrinkled; Yes, there was no denying it; he had passed the meridian of life—he was a middle-aged man. It was one afternoon, about commencement time, as he was sitting in his room looking sadly at his face in a hand-glass, that there was a sharp knock at his door, which made him start up in nervous trepidation. That was not the way students and tutors knocked; and, besides the washer-

woman, they were the only visitors who ever honored him by their presence. He went to the door and opened it cautiously, and a portly, prosperous-looking gentleman, with a full blond beard, grasped him cordially by the hand, and pushed in past him with little ceremony.

"How are you, Jim? how are you, old man?" he exclaimed, in a voice which made a commotion in the little room like a small earthquake.

"Mr. Northam?" said Sutherland wonderingly.

"Yes, old fellow, that's what it is—Tad Northam. Don't let us stand on ceremony."

"Take a seat, Mr. Northam; I am happy to see you. I was just reading this morning in *The Advertiser* that you had been appointed Minister to Russia. Allow me to congratulate."

"Thank you, Jim," and Northam grasped him once more by the hand, while he looked about for a chair that was capacious enough to hold him. "It was quite unexpected, I assure you. I did some stump-speaking during the campaign, but, as you may know, I was not exactly an administration man in Congress. The fact is, I care very little for the honor, because it takes me out of the country, and I fancy I shan't like living abroad. It is on Maggie's account that I have concluded to accept. She is the ambitious man of the family. I tell you, sir, she is a brick; she is a jewel; she is—"

It was evident that he was started upon a favorite topic, upon which he could discourse endlessly; but a sudden memory checked his tongue, and the old boyish blush sprang to his cheeks and spread to his forehead. There was an embarrassing pause, until Sutherland looked up with a visible effort to throw off his restraint, and remarked:

"You have children, I believe. I think I have heard so."

"Yes, we have four jolly youngsters—three boys and one girl—as fine a lot as you ever set eyes on. But I didn't come to talk about myself. It is about you, old chap, I want to talk. What have you been doing with yourself all these years?"

Sutherland, though he hardly knew why, felt his sensitive pride pricked by this very natural question. It was not so much the fact that he had accomplished nothing, or next to nothing, but it was a certain imagined patronage in the manner of the successful man toward the unsuccessful one which made him smart. The evident benevolence and desire to smooth the way for friendly intercourse were in themselves insulting. Yet, as it would be impolitic to show his pique just now, he answered with an air of resigned indifference:

"Well, you know, I was always convinced of the folly of ambition. I live very comfortably here, and do a little tutoring for the amusement of the thing, and in order to keep busy. Then I write when the spirit moves me, and in fact I have got my life established, as nearly as possible, on a philosophical basis. *Nil admirari, nil desiderare*—that is the only rational attitude to assume toward this great chaotic, hap-hazard universe. It insures one against disappointment, and against all except purely physical pain."

Northam ran his hand impatiently through his hair while his friend delivered himself of these cynical observations.

"Now, my dear fellow," he exclaimed in a tone of serious remonstrance, "I did think you had outlived all that stuff by this time. That philosophy is as old as Diogenes, and it has been exploded long ago. But I have not come to argue with you, James. Very likely



you would still beat me, as you used to do of old. But tell me, if you have arrived at these Nihilistic conclusions, why do you take the trouble to publish a volume of poems at your own expense, and to collect the newspaper notices, as I see you are doing. Maggie, by the way, thinks it is a great book, and she has bought I don't know how many copies and sent around to her friends. If you care for my opinion, I think it is fine, too, but I don't think it comes up to 'Myrtle and Bay'. Still, that is a matter of taste, and if you think differently I shan't quarrel with you. You have grown away from the public, James, and if it would be a consolation to you to think so, I should not wonder if it will catch up with you when you are dead and gone. That would be a fine revenge on the world's part—a true application of your own philosophy; for, of course, it knows better than to disturb you now with its vulgar applause and admiration."

"You are quite right, Northam," Sutherland replied with a smile, which did not conceal his annoyance; "it would be a fine revenge. I do not, however, as yet, claim to be entirely consistent in my philosophy, and I do perhaps care a little for the success of this book. And I think you can do more for its success than any one else."

"I! What can I do?"

"I suppose you would not mind now publishing the card in regard to the authorship of 'Myrtle and Bay,' which you would have published sixteen years ago but for my interposition?"

Northam rubbed his chin with a serious air.

"If you really insist upon it," he said, slowly, "I would not refuse. But it might have its inconveniences to me at this late date. My political enemies might take it up and distort it and make capital out of it; and I have always prided myself on my clean record. This, you know, although perfectly innocent, might in skillful hands be made to have an ugly look. Then I don't really see how it would benefit you."

"Then let me enlighten you. The success of my first book would call attention to my second. I should not be a middle-aged gentleman with an eccentric liking for poetry, but a man of letters whose maturity has fulfilled the promise of his youth."

"Well, if you really think so," Northam replied, good-naturedly, "I can better afford to waive my own objections than I can afford to stand in the way of your success."

It really cost him an effort to make this reply; and he still hoped that James would not, after maturer deliberation, demand so great a sacrifice from him. He was by no means prepared for the easy, matter-of-course manner with which his friend accepted the sacrifice, as if it were nothing but his due. The fact was, James had lived so long in complete absorption in himself and his own interests that he had lost his adaptability to other points of view. And the result of the interview was that Northam wrote the following card, with the promise to give it to the newspapers the next morning:

"I, Thaddeus Winthrop Northam, do hereby declare that by agreement with my friend James Sutherland I published, in the year 186-, a volume of poems, entitled 'Myrtle and Bay,' of which he was the author, under my own name. I had a profounder faith in the value of these poems than their author, and it was my intention, as soon as the book should have gained general recognition, to disavow the authorship and to credit the poems to their proper source. To this, however, my friend Mr. Sutherland generously objected; and it is not until this

late day that I have received his permission to divest myself of a borrowed distinction."

## IX

It was with an almost feverish expectancy that James Sutherland awaited the reaction in his favor which was to follow the publication of Northam's card. He had once, in a half-unacknowledged way, counted on the importance which his books would derive from their connection with so prominent a public man as Hon. Thaddeus Northam. He was a little ashamed of having advertised himself at his friend's expense, but the great consideration, before which all other interests must give way, was the success of his book. A veritable hunger for recognition had taken possession of him; he spent nearly all his time in the public reading-rooms devouring the newspapers, in the hope of finding some complimentary allusion to himself or his poems. But beyond a few semi-humorous squibs he found nothing to console him. The papers had apparently entered into a conspiracy to ignore him. "Myrtle and Bay," which had been so much talked and written about sixteen years ago, had passed out of every one's memory, and for a public man like Northam to publish a solemn card disavowing the authorship of a book which no one remembered, seemed to the friendly journalists a piece of fantastic conscientiousness which became positively amusing when one considered that this gentleman was a member of Congress. To Democratic organs the affair assumed a different aspect; while it confirmed their oft-expressed views in regard to the character of the member of Congress from the —th district (a man whose depravity had been notorious since the time he escaped from his nurse's leading strings), it showed also how many knaves there were in the world who, for the sake of a little paltry notoriety, were willing, as it were, to borrow the ill odor of a reputation like that of Thaddeus Northam. Toadstools flourished best on rotten trunks. The whole thing was obviously an advertising dodge—and a clumsy one at that—intended to push the sale of a worthless book.

Sutherland read these notices with a burning sense of wrong and shame, the like of which he had never before experienced. If he had lamented his incapacity for definite emotions, he must in this instance have been an agreeable disappointment to himself, for his indignation was so hot, so overwhelming, that he could scarcely master himself. All sorts of savage impulses started in his brain. It seemed sometimes as if he could have murdered with enthusiasm. But inevitably there followed a reaction—a period of extreme dejection bordering on despair. His whole life had been a failure, because when the good fairy gave him a fine intellect and the gift of song, the bad fairy had ruined it all by giving him an unfortunate disposition. And yet this subtlety of intellect, which might have enabled him to accomplish great things, seemed so inextricably interwoven with the morbid supersensitiveness of his nature (which made him forget his chances of accomplishing anything), that the one could, perhaps, scarcely have existed without the other. In that case nature had neutralized her own gifts, dispensing blessings with one hand and curses with the other. There is, however, small comfort in thinking one's self the victim of such an unhappy fortuity; it does not tend to enhance one's self-esteem. There was an exquisite refinement of humiliation in the thought that the man whom he had patronized and looked down upon had all the while been his superior. It was the dawning con-



sciousness of this which at their last interview had spoiled Sutherland's temper. He had felt that they had changed rôles; that by every standard of measurement which the world recognizes, Northam had overtopped him; he had derived a little satisfaction then from refusing to recognize the standard; but now even this satisfaction failed him. He dimly wished he could have been generous enough to forgive Northam for having, by dint of this indisputable superiority, gained the only prize which he had supremely valued—the woman whom, after his fashion, he had loved. But he could not. His soul was filled with bitterness.

"And yet," he reflected, with an effort to be at least just, "it was only superficially considered that my poems gained him his wife. It was his own generosity which conceived of the plan to thrust greatness upon me—a conception of which I would have been utterly incapable; it was this which won him his wife, and which will win him the whole battle of life. There is no such thing as a permanent, absolute wrong. Life takes hold of our deeds and uses them, or links in new, unforeseen combinations. If we could only see far enough, injustice would resolve itself into justice, the apparent wrong into right. It is hard to admit it, but in this case he has got his desert and I mine; and, were I nobler, I should perhaps not hate him for it."

He was so deeply engrossed in these meditations that he did not perceive a knock at the door. The knock was repeated and the landlady entered, depositing half a dozen papers and magazines upon the table. Half mechanically, in order to divert his thoughts, he tore off the wrappers, and selecting one of the leading magazines, glanced at the table of contents. Under the head of "Recent Literature," he found his own name and the titles of both his books. He sank back wearily in his chair; his hands shook with excitement; he hardly dared to cut the leaves, lest some new unpleasant sensation should set him all on edge again. His hard-won resignation was too precious to be lightly risked in gratifying an undignified curiosity. On the other hand, a pleasant sensation (and there was a remote possibility that the review might be a friendly one) was, just now, too valuable to be forfeited from a lack of enterprise. Yielding to this latter argument, he cut the leaves deliberately and began to read.

The reviewer began with a reference to the hearty welcome which the magazine had accorded to "Myrtle and Bay" at the time of its appearance, and regretted that a poet who was so richly endowed should have chosen to remain so long silent. Mr. Sutherland was evidently one of those over-scrupulous men of letters (so rare in modern times) who would not consent to give his work to the public as long as there remained the slightest trace of crudity about it. If the headlong lyrical impulse was lacking in his song, there was, as a compensation for its absence, a delightful limpidity of thought and a purity and refinement of language which made the later work even more phenomenal than the former. In fact, "Heart-Beats of Nature," even where it was most revolutionary in sentiment, showed a masterly self-restraint and a sensitive perception of the value of sounds, which belonged only to great poets—poets *par la grace de Dieu*. In this respect, at least, the poet's maturity had fulfilled what his youth promised.

At this point Sutherland gave a start and let the magazine drop into his lap. He recognized his own phrase, and looking back through the long vista of years he recognized all. It was all that he had fondly desired to be, and to accomplish which this kind reviewer asserted that he was and had accomplished. There was

but one who had ever known him intimately enough to speak of him as this man had spoken, and that was Thaddeus Northam. The evidence was overwhelming that it was he who had written the review. He was aware that Northam had in his youth gloried in being a contributor to this magazine, but he did not know whether he had, amid the engrossing affairs of state, kept up the connection. It was but natural that the old favorite phrases should recur to him, and that his own irrepressible voice should betray the face behind the editorial mask. There was something very touching to Sutherland in the thought that his old friend should have disguised himself as a representative of the public for the purpose of assuring him that his life had not been a failure, since he had achieved what he had set out to achieve. It was also pathetic to think how Northam, at this moment, was enjoying his innocent ruse, never dreaming that he lacked the subtlety to perform such a feat successfully. Really, there was something lovable in the blunt directness with which he went straight to his mark, obeying his generous impulse, and gloating over the anticipated result. Sutherland smiled at his honest delusion. A beneficent warmth was diffusing itself through his whole body; a certain tenderness for Northam's clumsiness was, perhaps, his uppermost emotion. He got up and walked across the floor. He felt strangely light and happy. To be praised in one's own language was really quite amusing; and yet he was more touched than amused. His eyes felt moist, but he straightened himself up and continued his march. All sorts of happy visions floated before his imagination. At last he seated himself and finished his reading of the review. It was odd, even though he recognized the reviewer's motive; the praise exhilarated him and gave him all the sensations of success, as if it had been the verdict of some august editorial tribunal. The reflection glanced through his mind that it was out of the abundance of his happiness and prosperity that Northam bestowed this pittance upon a poor, neglected friend. But he dismissed the thought as unworthy of him. He would not allow his accursed pride to obscure this one bright hour in the long twilight of his life. Northam had no pride; that is, no such refined sentiment which constantly interposed between him and happiness. The frank, manly face of his friend rose vividly before his fancy. A longing to see him, to shake his hand, to thank him for what he had done, and to witness his honest bewilderment, took possession of Sutherland. But possibly it was too late. Northam and his family might now be on their way to Europe. He remembered his having said that he had engaged his passage in the *Russia*. According to the advertisement in the morning paper, the *Russia* was to leave New York the next morning at ten. Then there was no time to be lost. It was too late to reach Boston in time for the nine-o'clock train, but there was a night express at eleven o'clock, which would be in New York at seven in the morning.

Sutherland packed a valise rapidly, but found that his traveling outfit, which was no less complete than in his halcyon days, required more room than a valise afforded. He grumbled a little (from old habit) while removing his neatly-folded linen from the valise to a trunk, and deposited in the same receptacle all the other necessities of a well-ordered modern existence. He then sent for a hack and drove to Boston, catching the night express for New York by the tail end. In the sleeping-car he made various futile experiments in sleeping; his neighbor, who was signaling his slumber in an unpleasant manner, frustrated all his efforts.

Then the train took it into its head to stop for two mortal hours at a desolate way station, ostensibly to wait for some other train, which did not choose to come, and the result of this delay was that Sutherland arrived in New York at nine o'clock instead of at seven. The elevated railroads, which were then in process of building, had not yet been opened to the public, and our traveler had no choice but to engage a cab, offering the driver an extra inducement for speed, and be jolted over the endless extent of cobble-stones which separates the Grand Central depot from the Cunard wharf. He sat glancing anxiously at his watch, and every now and then rising in the carriage with a vague purpose of assisting the horse. The last quarter hour seemed interminable. He feared he should come just in time to wave his handkerchief. And he had so much to say; his heart was brimming over. If he should come too late he felt as if he must take the next steamer rather than miss his chance of speaking. He could see Margaret now without bitterness. He could even tell her (if such a declaration did not imply just what he wished to avoid) that she had chosen wisely, and that he rejoiced in her happiness. He could not afford to have the discord of their last meeting continue to vibrate through the rest of his life. He had a passionate desire to be at peace with the only two beings who had entered vitally into his existence, and to let them know that his heart was overflowing with kindness toward them. He desired this, not on their account, but on his own. The feverish discontent of the past would then resolve itself into a melancholy harmony; and with this he would be satisfied. There seemed to be a positive luxury in looking forward to it. He had forfeited his right to aspire for anything better.

Just as this reflection was passing through his mind the cab came to a sudden stop. A multitude of trucks, drays and carriages blockaded the wharf. It was impossible to pass. The huge black hull of the steamer was visible at the end of the pier. The whistle blew hoarsely, and a mass of eager humanity were surging to and fro, jostling and elbowing each other with an energy which took no account of the weather. Sutherland leaped out of the cab and bumped against somebody; then climbed up on an empty truck and made his way with astonishing alertness over bales, barrels

and boxes, until he reached the gangway of the steamer. Undismayed by the crowd which was pressing in the opposite direction, he pushed forward and ran toward the door of the saloon where he had caught sight of Northam's portly figure looming above a group of political admirers.

"Tad," he cried, breathlessly, seizing both his hands and regarding him with earnest, tear-filled eyes; "you are—you are—"

"Yes, I know I am a brick," ejaculated Northam, with his great good-humored laugh; "but as you have only a moment to spare, here is somebody who is better worth looking at."

He turned half way about and pushed Sutherland gently toward his wife, who was standing at his side, surrounded by her children. Sutherland raised his eyes toward her and gazed at her as one gazes upon a Madonna. The sweet matronly dignity of her face was ineffably touching to him.

"Margaret!" he began, but his emotion choked him; "Margaret!" His voice broke down utterly. She too, feeling what these broken words were meant to imply, was moved.

"It was very kind of you, James," she murmured, "to come and see us off; so that we may have the last 'good-by' from our nearest friend."

"Yes, old fellow, it is very kind of you," her husband chimed in heartily.

Then the whistle blew again and the signal was given for starting. Bewildered and with half-blinded eyes Sutherland tumbled down the steps and ran across the gangway, just as it was being drawn in. There was a great noise of steam and of rushing water; the band on board struck up a military air; handkerchiefs were waved; the sailors chanted their melancholy "Ohoy!" as they tugged at the heavy ropes. He stood long at the end of the pier, following the steamer with his eyes, as it plowed its way through the sunny waters. What had he said, after all? Not a word of all he had intended to say. And yet he was singularly happy—singularly at peace with himself and the world. He picked his way absently down the length of the wharf and thought of the cheerless future that awaited him. And yet it no longer repelled him; there was a warm light upon it—the quiet light of resignation!

## CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

BRAVEST of brave sweet blossoms in all of the garden-row;  
Fair, when most of the flowers shrink from the winds that  
blow;

Gay, when the dismal north wind wails through the tree-  
tops dumb;

Breathing a breath of gladness is the brave Chrysanthemum.

One is of tawny color; another of cardinal glow,  
As the cheek of a sun-warmed maiden and reddest of  
wine will show;

While some are of gorgeous yellow, like gold in a mon-  
arch's crown,

And some of a royal purple, dusted with softest down.

Some of a creamy whiteness, touched to a rosy blush,  
As the snow of the lovely Jungfrau glows with a sunset  
flush;

Some, flame at the heart, pearl-petaled; and lavender-  
hued are some;

Yet each of them, crude or cultured, just a brave Chrysanthemum.

Like these have I known some women, fearless where  
others fail;

Blooming in wintry weather, despite of the wild wind's  
bale;

Brilliant (mayhap with color); young as the youngest lass;  
Formed, too, as the full-leaved Dahlia, or Daisy at Mich-  
aelmas;

Shedding the spirit's fragrance over a sea of frost;  
Crowning with noontide graces life to the Springtime lost;  
Filling with fadeless beauty places wherein they come.

As the air is brightened to freshness by the brave Chrysanthemum.

MARY B. DODGE.

## MARY'S TROUBLES.

BY BELLE C. GREENE.

MARY is our washerwoman. She dearly loves "an airy walk," and she always comes when the dew is on the grass. She hears the morning concert of the birds, and the cheery interchange of greetings among the boastful chanticleers.

She stops on her way at my rose bed and ruthlessly plucks my rarest bud, that I have watched for days, just unfolding, a marvel of beauty, on that unlucky morning.

Perhaps I have destined that particular rose for Jack's buttonhole on his birthday (Jack is my husband, and he dearly loves a rose); but my washerwoman loves roses, too, and so she comes in smiling and complacent with the pet of my garden tucked jauntily behind her ear.

No young and blooming girl is she, my Mary; but old and wrinkled, and ugly enough to scare away the witches. Still, she has a sort of rugged beauty all her own, and she looks healthy and wholesome.

And oh! she has the gift of blarney in a remarkable degree, even for one of her noted race.

"I've a compliment for yees to-day, mum," she said to me on one occasion.

"Oh! have you?"

"Yis, indade, that I have," with an emphatic nod of her head. "Ye see I was goin' along the road and I met Mrs. Jones, a woman I used to wash for, and says she to me, says she:

"Who are ye washing for the day, Mary?" says she.

"For Mrs. Lane," says I, "and as nice a woman as iver I put my hand to the tub for," says I. "It's the whole pan o' milk she gives me to dhrink, lavin' alone the many o' things she sends to the childer," says I.

"A-a-h?" says she.

"Yis, indade; it's the truth for ye," says I."

Now, I had never given her anything like a whole pan of milk, but from that day I increased the quantity as well as the number of cookies and things for the "childer." So susceptible is the American woman to flattery.

Another time she said:

"There's them that would be glad to git yer day out o' me, mum."

"What's that, Mary?"

"Oh, Miss Bemis comes to me the other day, and she says to me:

"Mary, I wants me washin' done the fust o' the week," says she. "Can't ye come o' Chuesday?"

"Oh, get along," says I, "wid yer wansheet and pillow-case," says I. "I goes o' Chuesday to wash for a woman (m'anin' yerself, mum) as has a line full as long as from here to Main Street," says I, "and no scrimpin' in the pay, nayther!" says I.

"Miss Bemis is wan o' thim scrimpin' kind o' wimmin," said Mary, with a shrug of infinite disdain.

"Mary," I asked her just before the Presidential election, "what are you—a Democrat or Republican?"

"A Dimmicrat, mum," was the prompt reply.

"Yes? And why are you a Democrat?"

"An' sure ain't all the Oirish Dimmicrats?"

"But why are they?" I persisted.

"I'll tell ye why," says she, suspending her rubbing to give force to her words with her soapy fists. "The Republicans is for the *nagurs*, and the *nagurs* is agin the Oirish, and the Oirish hates the *nagurs* like *pizen*! That's why!"

I laughed. "Oh, Mary," said I, "you are sadly behind the times, I fear."

"Behind the times, is it? Well, thin, I dunno; but *nagurs* is *nagurs* to-day just the same as iver—that I do know; and glory be to God! that dirty black devil that lived on our street, wid his three woolly-hidded brats, has had to go! We made it hotter than bloody murther for him, and he's jist tuk himself off, bag and baggage! Yis, mum! and bad luck go 'long of him *wherever* he goes!"

I once took occasion to reprove her for her seeming profanity. "Goddlemighty," "My God," and "Glory be to God!" were common to her every-day speech; but she seemed wholly unconscious of any impropriety in the use of such language, and she met my reproof with a look of such utter incomprehension—such blank inquiry—that I could not press the matter.

I often went to Mary's house—I liked to go. It was a cheerful sight to see them of an evening, after their day's work was done—old Mike, her husband, sitting by the fire with his pipe and the nest of "childer" swarming about, playing pranks upon each other, cracked and cuffed or laughed at by both father and mother. A ragged, saucy lot they were, at once the torment and blessing of their poor parents.

One night I went to the house, and as I approached I heard sounds of festivity and saw a light in the best room. I opened the door silently and looked in. A puff of hot air and that *smell* which is never absent from an Irish habitation, but which one can best endure cold, swept out into my face, almost taking my breath away. I stepped in unobserved, except by one or two near the door, to whom I made signs to keep quiet, and joined the lookers-on.

There was a row of people, men, women and children, sitting round the room, and in the middle of the floor our Mary and a stout, red-faced young man were dancing an Irish jig. They were evidently past the first decorous beginnings of the dance, and had arrived at the wild and ungovernable stage. They danced with frenzy; their legs flew faster and faster; streams of perspiration rolled down their cheeks; their eyes shone with a wild, excited light, and at short intervals they uttered that weird, expressive whoop, in which the assembly joined, and each repetition of which seemed, if possible, to excite to greater exertion.

An Irish jig is like nothing else on earth, and seeing it for the first time, I assure you it affected me in the most remarkable manner. I felt an almost irresistible desire to spring out and throw myself into the mad whirl. Fortunately I was spared making such an exhibition, for suddenly the dance ended, or rather the dancers gave out, and sank exhausted into their seats.

After a short breathing spell, Mary's eyes chanced to light on me, and for a moment she was overcome with confusion. She rose, however, and came forward with great show of hospitality, routed half a dozen children out of their seats, asking sharply where were their "manners," dusted a chair with her apron, and begged me to be seated. I hastened to reassure her, telling her that I had enjoyed the dancing wonderfully.

"Well, ye see, mum," she explained, "the young man is me cousin, jist three days over from the ould country, and the blues was on him bad; so to cheer him up a bit and make it seem home-like, ye know, we was havin' a little dance."

The homesick youth, the cause of such tender solici-



tude, looked sheepish, and mopped his face with a large cotton handkerchief.

But alas for poor Mary! It was not long before she came to grief. It seemed that her little family had been wonderfully prospered. What with Mike's daily wages and her own, and the money the "b'ys" earned selling papers, they had become quite rich people. They owned their bit of a house and had a snug little sum laid by. And now the desire to rise crept into Mary's ambitious heart. "Why shouldn't they live in a fine house some day and be as good as the best?"

So she persuaded her steady old husband to set up a beer shop—a favorite way of making money with that class of people—and only three months afterwards she came to me in great distress and poured out her soul in sorrow and repentance.

"It's all along o' that cruel beer shop," she groaned; "it's ruined us intirely! Be the Howly Father!" she cried, throwing up her arms in a passion of misery, "I wish this tongue had been pulled out o' me mouth—I wish black death had come to me before iver I coaxed my Mike to go into it! An' he always the best of husbands! Many's the time he's got up in the dead o' the night to get me a *dhruink o' wather*—he has indade, mum! An' that fond o' the childer—coaxin' and t'azin' 'em from mornin' till night; and now he is that savage wid 'em that they run and hide when he comes a-near the house! Many's the bloody fight we've had along of 'em! Oh that I, their poor mother, should have to be always a-watchin', watchin'—slapin' or wakin'—lest harm come to 'em from their own father! God knows!" said she, scornfully, baring a bruised and bloody arm, "it's little I fear for meself, anyway. I'm a match for Mike, *dhruink* or sober! barrin' a few bruises," with a sniff of disdain and putting down her sleeve.

A little while after came the dread climax of her woe. I wish I could tell the story in Mary's very words:

"For weeks gone, mum, Mike was niver, niver sober at all! Ups in the mornin' an' out for *dhruink*—mad crazy in it all day an' all night till his strength was gone from him intirely; then slapin' in his clothes whenever he happened to be till he wakes, then ups an' to the *dhruink* agin.

"Well, mum, this is how it was: That night the childer was to bed an' asleep, an' I sat in me rockin'-chair croonin' to the baby—our little Dinny—an' feelin' a grain o' comfort creepin' into my poor heart. How could I help it?—the baby was a-smilin' up into me face, an' for a minute I forgot me trouble—yis, thank God! thank God!" she burst out vehemently, her poor old face drenched in tears. "Thank God! for that last blessid minute that I hild me baby in these arms I forgot that I had made me home a *hell* an' me husband a *devil*!"

I shall never forget the power and expression of her words and look. Even while I wept I could but admire, what I had often noticed, her wonderful dramatic power.

"Yis," she went on, "I did forgit, an' I began to

coax meself into bel'avin' as things would all come right. Now that we had gi'n up the beer shop long since, Mike would come round in time. Poor Mike! me heart warmed to him.

"So I was a-settin' there soft an' tinder like, an' the child was smilin' in me arms, when I heard Mike's step on the stairs. He bust into the room flourishin' his big stick in his fist, an' he comes up to me—the bloody murtherin' villain—drags the baby out o' me arms, ups wid a winder an' heaves him out into the road! I springs to the door an' he hits me on the head wid his club an' rushes out.

"I lay there on the floor till me sinces comes back to me an' then I thinks me o' the baby. I goes as fast as I can crawl, with the blood str'amin' from me head, out into the street, an' there, in the middle of the road lay me baby stark dead! the breath gone out of his little body intirely! his head hit on a sharp stone, an' that was what kilt him.

"I kneeled me down in the bloody road an' took me baby to me heart an' prayed to God to sthrike me dead; but he didn't, mum," she added dryly, wiping her eyes. "An' it's glad I am now that he didn't, for poor Mike's sake an' the childers'.

"Well, mum, whin Mike come to his self in the mornin' he was jist wild wid grief. It was all Father Riley an' I could do to hold him from b'atin' his own brains out.

"An' would ye belave it now? whin I, that murdered baby's mother, saw his heart a-breakin' in him, an' heard him groanin' an' cryin', I forgot everything in the whole world—baby an' all, an' jist remembered poor old Mike, an' I loved him jist the same—the bloody murtherin' villain!

"But, mum, it was I that timpted him in the fust place—don't ye forgit that!

"Well, Father Riley hushed it up an' made it look right to the neighbors—it's little they knew anyway—an' now he's helpin' us to begin all over ag'in—God-dlemighty forever bliss him!

"We try not to remimber how the baby went—Mike an' I do—but jist to think as he's gone to Paradise. But oh, mum! I can tell it to yerself how these arms ache for him sometimes—how in the dark night when Mike's asleep I puts out me hand to draw the baby to me an' he-is gone from me! Oh, I can tell it to the likes o' ye! for it's yerself as is a mother an' knows.

"But whist, darlin', don't cry no more; for Mike's sake we'll try to forgit an' lave the baby with God an' the Blissid Virgin.

"Yis, Mike is a bit broken, mum, but we'll holt on to him, an' God willin' I shall see him smile ag'in. An' the childers is well an' hearty, thank ye kindly, an' jist the mornin' we have as fine a litter o' pigs as one could wish to see—tin little beauties! They'll be a great comfort to Mike, mum.

"Well, good-by to ye now, an' God bless yer swate face. I'll come to wash for ye o' Chuesday, if the snow is piled as high as the house!"



## ROBIN.

ROBIN, with the valiant air,  
Quick of eye and head,  
Proud, perhaps, that thou dost bear  
Breast so brave a red ;

Robin of the rounded throat,  
Straight of back and slim ;  
Robin, sending fearless note  
Through the dawn-haze dim :

Through this haze of summer dawn,  
Tell me, hast thou seen—  
From thy cool, untrodden lawn,  
Glimmering silver green,

Gone, with such a dashing dart,  
Such a whistle clear ?  
What canst mean ? Ah, gallant heart,  
Bless thee ! she is here.

Where the chestnut blossoms lie  
Centred like a shell—  
Seen the maid I 'd meet pass by ?  
Dearest robin, tell !

How shouldst thou my true love know  
From another one ?  
By her pure cheeks' welcoming glow,  
Thee to look upon ;

By her eyes, that at thy call  
Straightway would declare,  
Sister is her soul to all  
Fearless things and fair.

HELEN GRAY CONE.

## THE HOUSEHOLD—ABOUT RESERVE STORES.

WHENEVER Mrs. Deacon moves—and I am forced to confess that she rivals poor Joe in the frequency with which she does it—there is one large, flat basket which she always carries herself. She does not even trust Mr. Deacon with it, and as for the furniture-car—she would as soon think of consigning the baby to its chaotic, jolting mercies as her precious basket. No, she carries it herself. No one else, she says, will take as much care of it ; and if it comes to ruin, no one but herself will be responsible. She packs it up, she unpacks it. With her own hands she places the contents in the little cabinet she had made for them. In fact no one else ever touches the treasure but herself. And why should any one else ? It is her own grandmother's china. Not Mr. Deacon's grandmother's, but her own—part of the Barnard china. It consists of ten cups and saucers, small and flat ; a teapot, a sugar-bowl and cream-pitcher. They are all very thin and fragile. They are painted with delicate roses and cherry blossoms, and the cups have no handles. Mrs. Deacon often says she cannot understand how her grandmother kept them. She cannot keep any china. She buys plenty, and she buys good china, and yet sometimes her table looks like a curiosity shop, and not a well-kept one. Her plates are nicked, her cups have no handles, her butter-dish is seamed with cement, her tumblers are odd. Sometimes when she expects company she has to go out and buy plates, or something of the sort, to have a sufficient supply. This her grandmother could not have done, because she lived in the country miles away from anything but the commonest crockery. And they had a great deal of company, too. Then Mrs. Deacon sighs and says she supposes the difference is in the servants. Her grandmother never had a Bridget who packed the Sevres cups under the meat dish in a pan, and then poured boiling water on them altogether. It makes Mrs. Deacon indignant to see how Bridget gathers up the dishes, and how she shoves them pell-mell on the kitchen table. She is forever telling each one of the procession of Bridgets going through her house that they must be more orderly and careful ; but, as she adds, What is the use ?

Mr. Deacon sometimes proposes having the fine china put away, and using more common kinds, but Mrs. Deacon scorns this plan. She has nothing in her house too good to use. If she cannot have good china for her family, she will not have it for company. Never ! If she buys soup-plates once a month, her table shall always look well enough set for any one to see. Then Mr. Deacon sighs, and replies that her table always does look nice, and judging from the bills, she probably does buy soup-plates, or some sort of plates, once a month. She looks at him wisely and sadly. It is hard to pay so much money ; no one knows that better than she does, but Mr. Deacon does not have the worry and anxiety. She wishes she had her grandmother's secret.

And she has. At least she has it in part. Her grandmother regarded the Barnard china with the same reverence she feels, and it was never washed by any but Barnard hands. It never went into the kitchen for Chloe or Priscilla to break or to nick. It was used, but it was not used every day. It was company china.

This grandmother had many things sacred to company. On a certain shelf in the linen-press, there was a pile of sheets, pillow-cases, towels and table-linen, scented with lavender, innocent of darns or patches, kept for company. There was an extra stock of spoons and white-handled knives. Having company was, perhaps, a solemn occasion, but the grandmother was ready for it. She had her preserves and pickles, her hams and smoked meats, ready, and when the company came she went to these reserve stores and drew on them. It was a great satisfaction to her to know that let what would happen to the family china she could never be disgraced in the eyes of strangers. She was never in a fidget nor nervous because she was caught on wash-day with all the best linen in the tub. No matter how small was the stock, there always was an emergency margin on which to call. If Mrs. Deacon could have the same calm consciousness of reserves she would be happier, but how can she when Bridget breaks and ruins as she does ?

The grandmother had other resources. She had com-

pany clothes. She not only had a good silk dress and a calendered calico which was put away between the mattresses in the spare room, but there were sets of underwear, sweet with the perfume of rose leaves, used only on Sundays or some social festival. The grandmother had that consciousness of suitable attire that probably animates the mason when he puts on his little apron and decks himself in the insignia that declares his rank. It is possible that these ladies and gentlemen had to live up to the responsibility of gala apparel and the best china, and so had stately ways in spite of themselves. It is only now and then, when a dress is new, or we go to a grand dinner party, or have just gone to housekeeping, that we realize this sense of environment into which the grandmother went whenever social festivities called her. Every woman knows how easy it is to wear a winter bonnet after Easter if only the spring one has been bought. This supporting consciousness braced the grandmother in all emergencies, and if the grandfather sometimes caught her unawares when he unexpectedly brought company home, she had the reassuring comfort of knowing she could have done well if she had been given the time.

But, says Mrs. Deacon, would any one have me go back to the old plan of stinting the family to feast the company? Would it be more pleasant to shut up the parlor and live in a back room, to wear poor clothes at home and brave ones abroad, and have hotel china on the children's table, with the French set locked up? Well, hardly. And yet Mrs. Deacon might cogitate on the grandmother's system, for she did not stint her family nor live in a back room. She was not rich, and she probably had her extravagances, yet in some way her life was less open to irritation; and, at any rate, she had china to leave her granddaughter, and it was china she had used.

LOUISE STOCKTON.

#### THE MINUET.

The minuet requires great natural grace and self-possession, as well as considerable practice. Hogarth says: "A dancing-master once told me that the minuet had been the study of his life; yet, at last, he could only say, with Socrates, that he knew nothing; adding that I was happy in my profession as a painter, because some bounds might be set to the study of it."

It requires a waving, undulating step, answering exactly to Shakspeare's ideal dancing:

"When you do dance I wish you  
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do  
Nothing but that; move still, still so;  
And own no other junction."

—*Winter's Tale.*

"Is it difficult to learn?" we asked of a noted professor who has formed two classes for teaching the minuet, and who can boast of great success among our society belles in that direction.

"No, not so difficult to learn as to teach, for young ladies find it very hard to accustom themselves to move slowly after flying about in the valse, jumping in the polka, and getting through the quadrilles in a kind of sling trot. To move the arms slowly and gracefully is half the battle, and in taking the hand of a partner, for they must not permit themselves the jerky motions usual in the quadrille and lancers."

Magri, dancing-master to the Royal Military Academy, gives five indispensable requisites for making a good figure in the minuet, which are as follows: "A languishing eye, a smiling mouth and imposing carriage, innocent hands and ambitious feet."

Dufort's description of the minuet is still quoted to all beginners: The cavalier takes his lady by the hand and makes two steps forward with her, both keeping on the same line, after which he causes her to describe a circle around him, which brings her back to the same spot

whence she started. They then cross each other during four or five minutes, looking at each other as they pass, and end with a profound bow.

This dance, so full of formal and high-bred courtesy, was the favorite recreation of the dancing assemblies in our early republican court, and so elegant and majestic is it that we read of General Washington "walking a minuet" in the Boston or Philadelphia assemblies, and have no feeling that he had thereby detracted from his native dignity.

M. A. BARR.

#### A FRIDAY DINNER.

##### Clam Soup.

Boiled Blue or Blackfish, Cream Sauce.

Boiled Potatoes. String Beans.

##### Lobster Salad.

Lemon Custard. White Cake.

##### Coffee.

CLAM SOUP.—Fifty clams, hard or soft, boiled in one quart of water half an hour. Take them out and chop fine; or, if the hard part is disliked, remove that, and leave the soft part whole, to add at the last. Boil one quart of milk, adding one teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of pepper after the clam-broth has been strained into the boiling milk. As some clams are saltier than others, taste before adding the salt. Rub one tablespoonful of butter to a cream with two even ones of flour, and wet with soup till thin as cream, then add, and let it boil for five minutes. Put the clams in the bottom of soup-tureen, pour the soup upon them, and serve with toasted crackers.

BOILED BLUE OR BLACKFISH.—Unless you have a fish-kettle, it will be best to sew up the fish in a thin cloth, that it may be taken out without breaking. Put on in boiling water enough to cover it well, which has had added to it a tablespoonful of salt and two of vinegar, and six whole black peppers. Ten minutes to a pound is sufficient to allow for boiling. Take out carefully, unwrap, and serve on a hot dish, pouring over it a little of the sauce, and garnishing or not with slices of hard-boiled egg.

CREAM SAUCE.—Stir together over the fire two tablespoonfuls of butter and two even ones of flour, with half a saltspoonful of white pepper and half a teaspoonful of salt. Add slowly, stirring steadily, two-thirds of a pint of milk. Pour a little over the fish, and send the rest to table in the gravy-boat.

BOILED POTATOES.—As in No. 1 of THE CONTINENT.

STRING BEANS.—These may be canned or the Southern bean at present in market. In the latter case, string, cut into bits, and boil not less than one hour in boiling salted water, the rule for all vegetables being one teaspoonful of salt to a quart of water. Drain off the water, add a teaspoonful of butter, and serve very hot. If tough, they will require two hours' boiling.

LOBSTER SALAD.—As in No. 26 of THE CONTINENT.

LEMON CUSTARD.—One quart of milk, four eggs, one cup of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, one heaping teaspoonful of corn-starch, the grated yellow of half a lemon and the juice of half an one. Boil the milk; beat the yolks and sugar together till very light; dissolve the corn-starch and salt in a little cold water, and add slowly to boiling milk. Then stir in yolks and sugar. The corn-starch prevents any chance of curdling, as it sometimes does. Take at once from fire, and when ready for use serve in large glass dish or in jelly-glasses with meringue on top, made as follows: Beat the whites of the eggs very stiff, and add a small teacupful of powdered sugar and juice of half a lemon. Pile on the custard, and dot if liked with a bit of currant jelly.

WHITE CAKE.—Half a cup of butter, a heaping cupful of powdered sugar, two cups of flour, with a teaspoonful of baking-powder sifted in; half a cup of milk, the whites of six eggs, one teaspoonful of almond extract. Cream the butter and add the flour, beating till it is a smooth paste, adding the milk. Beat the whites to a stiff froth and add the sugar and essence. Then mix all very quickly, and bake in a sheet about an inch thick. Frost while hot with one white of egg beaten ten minutes with a teacupful of powdered sugar and the juice of half a lemon. Before it is quite hard divide it into oblong or square pieces, scoring at intervals with the back of a large knife. Omit the milk if a richer cake is wanted.

COFFEE.—As in No. 1 of THE CONTINENT.

HELEN CAMPBELL.



## MIGMA.

WE take great pleasure in presenting to our readers this week Professor Boyesen's story, "The Horns of the Dilemma." It is in his best vein, and, although rather long for our form, is well worth all the space it occupies.

By accident the copy of "Judith" failed to reach us in time for this number, in consequence whereof we took two "Horns of a Dilemma," instead of one. There will be no farther omission. This charming story, issued in book form, will constitute No. 5 of the "Our Continent Library," and will be ready for the trade about October 10th. Orders may be sent either to us or to Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York.

OUR friends who have sent for bound volumes will please have a little patience with us. Our subscriptions started up so unexpectedly, in the very heat of the dog-days, and so many of our new subscribers selected the bound volumes of *THE CONTINENT* as a premium, that our stock of bound volumes was exhausted before we knew it. As soon as we can get them bound we will supply all. By the way, those bound volumes will soon become rare. Already our stock of the first volume is getting so low that we expect to have to announce that no more complete copies can be had, and the second and third will hardly be sufficient to last through the fall. It is not surprising. Volumes of eight hundred pages each, neatly bound, are rarely to be obtained on such terms as our premium list offers to subscribers.

It is not always the best fortune to have a good thing. *THE CONTINENT* has come to be so attractive, and our Combination Rates with other periodicals are so low, that some of our big brothers of the monthly persuasion refuse to publish our advertisement of terms at any price, lest their readers should learn that they can get a weekly and a monthly magazine for \$5.98 instead of \$8.00. Nevertheless we furnish all the monthlies and all the weeklies, published anywhere, in connection with *THE CONTINENT*, at rates nobody can equal, and will continue so to do "as long as water runs or grass grows." The people are just beginning to understand that it is worth while to save twenty-five per cent on one magazine in order to get another and just as good an one at half price. If every person who takes one of the high-priced Monthlies will look at our rates he will see that he can get a Weekly Magazine that gives more matter than any of them every year—1664 large pages—for less than half the price additional. For example, we quote *THE CONTINENT* and *The Century* each one year, beginning with any number, at FIVE DOLLARS AND NINETY-EIGHT CENTS. We mean business, and propose to give all those who subscribe through us, whatever periodicals they desire at the lowest obtainable rates. Send us your list with *THE CONTINENT*, and we will quote rates by return mail.

WHEN Giotto was asked to give an indubitable proof of his identity, it is said that he took a crayon and drew, at arm's length, a circle as true as if he had used a pair of compasses. W. W. Holden, sometime Governor of North Carolina, who has just returned to the shelter of the Democratic fold, after twenty years of

wandering, might refer to the circle he has described during that time as equally conclusive evidence of the fitness of this last metamorphosis. His fling at Garfield and Arthur as "original Abolitionists" shows that wherever he has been he has learned nothing on his travels, and is therefore well qualified for a seat among the "Bourbons."

THE New York *Sun* celebrated its semi-centennial the other day, and republished its first issue in *fac-simile*. The two issues are an epitome of a half century of unmatched marvels. The *Sun* plant cost \$600,000, and pays about thirty-five per cent annually.

### Three Facts and a Query.

WE worshipped in a Protestant church—costing two hundred thousand dollars, or thereabouts—the other day, where was gathered a congregation of less than two hundred souls!

A gentleman, who has kept by actual count a weekly record of the daily attendance at seven churches in a country county of Ohio, by furnishing addressed postal cards to a member of each congregation, for several years, informs us that the attendance at all of them has steadily diminished, and gives it as his opinion that Protestantism is losing its hold upon the people.

Last winter we saw forty-two hundred people gathered in a building that was a mere shell, on one of the coldest nights of the season, to listen to a lecture. The next day we obtained the count of the congregations at the three most prominent and wealthy Protestant churches in the same city. The three preachers, in their magnificent churches, had a little less than one-third the hearers that the lecturer had in the rookery.

Do such facts as these mean anything, and if so, what do they mean? It was said of the first Christian teacher, "The multitudes followed after Him." They were poor people, however, and such people now, if worth saving at all, would naturally not be apt to attend the finest churches. They have, of course, "mission chapels" and other second-class accommodations for suing "in forma pauperis to God." Sometimes people have a foolish pride that keeps them away from a grand church because they think they are not rich enough to feel at home there, and away from the mission church because they are not poor enough to be pensioners. So they do not attend church at all. Of course, it is very foolish, but the result is just the same as if it was based on the rock of common sense—they do not follow after the Christian teacher. No doubt it is absurd, but the writer cannot help believing that if some rich church that is about to sell its present site for the erection of business houses and move up town a few squares farther among its rich parishioners, would only just reverse the operation and go down town, where the devil has it all his own way, into plain but comfortable and commodious quarters, built for convenience and practical use, rather than for show, charging a moderate rate for sittings, and letting the poor man feel that his welcome at the Lord's table did not depend on his bank account—the writer has thought that if this could be done, and the rich members of the church still remain with it, it might not be so absurd for a Protestant divine to stand up in a crowded city and read "And the multitudes followed after Him." But then the writer is a layman,

and a most unfaithful one at that, who has given more time to studying his fellow-man than in investigating the doctrines or regulating the polity of the church. At the same time, he believes that he represents a great class of busy, earnest men who feel that the church is getting away from our modern life, and wonder what is to take its place. He does not know what is to come from this state of affairs. Perhaps it is not so bad as he thinks. Four or five wise and gifted ministers lately denied most strenuously that there was any such decadence among the churches. But then their estimates were all built on the sheerest guesses. Why do we not have some figures instead of mere speculations? If every church organization would require its pastor to report to some central body, or selected individual, and have those regularly published, on a prescribed form, the actual number of attendants at every service he conducts, the result would be of more value than almost any other set of statistics that could be collected.

\*\*

"THAT is a fine painting," said one of a company who was standing before the picture of a wrecked crew gazing in horror at the spectral form of the *Flying Dutchman* bearing down upon them.

"Yes," said a naval officer who was addressed, somewhat doubtfully.

"Why, what makes you hesitate? What is wrong about it?"

"Nothing—only—well, you see, the *Flying Dutchman* is always supposed to run *against the wind, instead of with it, as that does.*"

He was no artist, but he knew all about the *Flying Dutchman*.

\*\*

AMONG the absurdities in the line of Presidential guessing some one has put out "Arthur and Gresham." It is attributed to General Mahone, and if it be true it is no wonder that Stonewall Jackson called for him on his death-bed. A man who is stupid enough to think that any President can be elected a second time, with one of his own cabinet hitched to his coat-tail, is too credulous to be left on earth without a guardian.

\*\*

MR. EVARTS sagely declares that only four men will be voted for in the Republican Convention of next year: President Arthur, Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Blaine and Mr. Sherman, and that one of them will be nominated. As a political prophet Mr. Evarts is noted for being about as reliable as Wiggins is on tidal waves. By the way, why does not Mr. Evarts include his favorite minister to England among the possibilities? He has not "gone back on" Mr. Lowell, has he?

\*\*

ONE of General Grant's most pregnant aphorisms was to the effect that "the Democratic party can always be relied on to do the wrong thing at the right time." Three things would seem to prove that this aptitude for the untimely has not forsaken it—Hoadley's nomination in Ohio, Pattison's "long parliament," or special session, that is likely to outlast the Legislature, in Pennsylvania, and the reappearance of masked marauders, whipping and maltreating negroes in Georgia. It does seem impossible for all its elements to be on their good behavior at the same time.

\*\*

THE retirement of Mr. Blackburn from the contest for the Speakership of the next House of Representa-

tives, is an event of far more importance than the Republican press are inclined to consider it. In all probability it means no less than the defeat of Mr. Randall and the election of Mr. Carlisle. Underlying all minor questions in the Democratic party is this fact: The South furnishes three-fourths of the electoral strength necessary to secure a Democratic President. This vast preponderance of party strength is no doubtful quantity either. It is always ready for delivery in quantities to suit, on the evening of election day, and can be pre-engaged with absolute certainty. It cannot, of course, expect to have a candidate for the Presidency chosen from any state south of the Potomac, but it has a right to demand the second place upon the ticket, and it will be sure to do so unless mollified in advance by the gift of the Speakership. The party would far sooner accord the Speakership to Mr. Carlisle than allow the Vice-Presidential nomination to go to a southern man. The Kentuckian may not now have all the southern "solid" delegations in his favor, but if he should be defeated by Mr. Randall, would be sure to have them at his back in the nominating Convention. The best that Mr. Randall can now do is to trade his Speakership chances for support in the nominating Convention. If he does that, it is not unlikely that he may secure the Presidential nomination. But for his pronounced protectionist views, he would be almost certain to do so. However that may be, the South has the power to dictate in the matter, and it is showing unmistakable signs of restiveness in regard to its own rights as a constituent element of the party strength. The Democracy in those states very naturally feel that they have furnished the votes long enough to begin to divide the honors.

\*\*

"WILL you please tell me in a word," writes an earnest correspondent, "why the people of the North should be taxed to educate the ignorance of the South?" Nothing would give us greater pleasure. Simply because we dare not leave it uneducated. Forty-five per cent of the voting strength of the South cannot read the ballots which they cast. This proportion is increasing every year. Children are born faster than they are taught to read and write. The states in which this state of things prevails control three-fourths of a majority in the electoral college, in the House of Representatives, in the Senate of the United States. We must educate this ignorance for the same reason that we take measures to forestall any danger—because we dare not let it grow. Self-defense, the safety of the nation, is the key to the policy of national action on the subject of education.

\*\*

DR. HAYGOOD, of Georgia, whose lecture on the education of the negro appeared in *THE CONTINENT* recently, is reaping the reward of being in advance of public sentiment. He is soundly abused in several of the papers of his state, and accused of favoring "negro equality," and disturbing the foundations of society. The time has now come for him to show of what stuff he is made. Hitherto, he has been treated by his people as harmlessly eccentric in his ideas. His "Brother in Black" was tolerated because of its somewhat elaborate show of refutation of northern ideas. That it contained the kernel of the thought that has grown into the bold and manly policy he now advocates seems hardly to have been suspected. He is yet a young man—barely forty-five—one of the tough and wiry natures that were tempered in the blast of civil war. By his selection as agent of the Slater fund, having control of the income

of one million dollars devoted to the promotion of education among the colored people of the South, he is put in the very forefront of one of the grandest conflicts the ages have witnessed. There is fighting before him—plenty of it. It is no boy's task he has undertaken to perform, and we shall see if his training under Stonewall Jackson has made him strong enough and brave enough for its accomplishment. The reception which his first elaborate enunciation of a doctrine that seems so reasonable to every northern mind, has met with at the South, must convince him that his great difficulty is not to get public sentiment at the North right upon this question, but to bring his own people up to the belief that the very best thing that can be done with an ignorant negro is to make him intelligent. If he is not capable of the same development as the white man it can do no harm. If he is, no one can deny that it would be a crime to withhold from him the opportunity. Some of the most prominent of the southern papers, we are glad to see, have not hesitated to adopt the views which Dr. Haygood has expressed, and the friends of genuine progress should not be discouraged at the clamor about "negro equality" which has so suddenly sprung up throughout the South again. The struggle against the worst element of slavery, ignorance, has entered upon a new phase. Hereafter it will not be the North seeking to impose its peculiar ideas of education upon the white people of the South, but the best and boldest and most patriotic of the southern whites fighting against the narrowness, ignorance and prejudice of their own people. This is as it should be. The war has been transferred not only to southern soil but to southern heads and hearts. The twenty millions of dollars which the North has contributed toward education at the South since the close of the war has been well expended to have accomplished even this, and the spirit that has nearly doubled the benefactions of last year in this direction shows that the beginning of the end has come. The American people will not rest content until the work of emancipation is completed by giving to every man that holds a ballot the power to read it—not as an act of charity but of justice—not for the sake of the voter so much as for the safety of the nation.

\*\*

MR. MONCURE D. CONWAY has been visiting Utah and discovering new beauties in the patriarchal faith and polygamous life of Mormonism. The members of the Utah Commission protest that they have done their duty faithfully, as no doubt they have. The only trouble is that, as a remedy against polygamy, the Edmunds bill is just as futile as a half-inch stream of lukewarm water would be as a means of thawing out the Polar Sea.

\*\*

APROPOS of the Mormons, the author of "A New-Port Aquarelle" is authority for the statement that "when Brigham Young and his fellow-prophets led out the band of saints to the New Jerusalem of Salt Lake City, many hardships were endured. In that first, almost heroic, journey the emigrants suffered greatly from the want of fuel. Young, on his return to the East, provided himself with enormous quantities of sunflower seeds, which the second band of emigrants sowed by the way. The path over which the Mormons passed is marked by a golden line, and the camp-fires of to-day are lighted by the fibrous stalks of the sunflowers, which the Mormon saints sowed forty years ago." We do not remember to have noted this fact

before, and the use of it by the writer is one of the evidences of a power to utilize what she has seen, which show that there is, in the author of this book, the making of a successful novelist. The story itself is not of any value; but now and then, when the author cuts loose from the teachings of the morbid-anatomist school, she does some exceedingly fine, firm work. The morning elopement of Farwell and Gladys is a bit of original conception and fine delineation. If the author is content to work, we may look for excellent results in the future from her pen.

\*\*

"SHE was admirable, she was lovable, but she was distinctly unlikable." This sentence, which occurs in a recent novel, is a fair sample of the absurdities which the rage for character-analysis and morbid mental anatomy in novels has produced. It is no better nor worse than a thousand similar passages which are found in every work of fiction of the so-called "realistic school." What is termed the analysis of character in these works is usually only a skillful use of paradoxes. The more absurdly inconsistent the motives and conduct attributed to a character the more subtle is the skill attributed to the author. To represent a man as chopping logic with himself for half an hour to determine whether he shall scratch his nose with his right hand or his left, is to display a power of analysis that is accounted marvelous. Truth to nature is held to consist in the juxtaposition of contradictions. That character is most "artistically" drawn which is most like a Chinese puzzle—the will must be forever lost in an infinite combination of absurdities. Keeness of observation is only thought to be evinced by the collocation of contraries. That character is regarded as most complete that is given the greatest multitude of antipodal elements. The sentence which we have quoted seems to be the result of analysis. It is, in fact, only a bungling paradox. "Jacob had twelve sons, and—and they were all boys," said a backwoods preacher who was wont to stumble over his words, as well as his ideas; and he added, with resolute emphasis, "therefore, he was chosen rather than his brother." It would be no less absurd to call the preacher's blundering use of the syllogistic form reasoning than it is to denominate such accumulations of paradoxes an analysis of character. The master-analysts of the human mind have never shown themselves, like balked hounds, forever hunting the trail of a lost motive, but rather, like the skilled deer-stalker, who perceives at a glance the very track the quarry will take.

\*\*

IVAN TOURGENIEFF died in exile. He could have no better epitaph. His terribly faithful pen painted the serf so vividly that even the Tsar could not fail to see how near the brute the body of his people were. His pen-pictures of lower Russian life were the first step toward the redemption and elevation of the Russian people. They let the light in where only darkness was before. They diagnosed the disease, though they did little to show the remedy. He left that to other hands, contented to do his own work, and do it with a cleverness and completeness never before equaled. Some have been inclined to deny him the title of reformer, because he dealt with the disease and not with the remedy. He was no demagogue. He had no patent nostrums for the world's woes, but he saw the ills of Russian rule and the degradation of Russian life so clearly that the autocrat of Russia dare not trust his feet to touch the soil of the empire.





THE student of Nihilism who has pored over the stories of Tourgenieff, with the expectation of finding full definition there, and has turned away from them disappointed, may find all doubts laid to rest in one of the most remarkable books of the day.<sup>1</sup> If a hoax, it is as well planned and as perfectly carried out as the famous "Moon hoax" of a past generation. If true, it is the key-note to all Nihilistic principles. Certainly, such impressions as we gained of Nihilism from, for instance, "Fathers and Sons," the most impressive and powerful of the dead Tourgenieff's many powerful romances, must be reconstructed altogether if we would understand the faith of to-day. Impressive as some of his men and women are, they are, after all, shadows, incapable of the acts recorded in this book—the apostles of negations; never the doers of wonderful deeds. The volume has eight profiles of Nihilist character, five revolutionary sketches and a final chapter on the tendencies of secret societies and the future of Russia. All are distinctive, and one alone, Demetrius Lisogub, is sufficient to show the intense vitality of the belief, his portrait being drawn with as marked literary skill as if by the hand of Tourgenieff himself. Though a millionaire, he dressed with inconceivable shabbiness, and denied himself even common comforts for the sake of the cause. He was tall and pale, with long beard, and the expression of an old apostle—if an apostle may be imagined wearing a linen jacket, a red comforter and a leather cap, and this in the heart of a Russian winter!

"This money, however, that he endeavored to save with the jealous care of a Harpagon, was his determined enemy, his eternal torment, his curse; for, with his impassioned disposition and with his heart so prone to sacrifice, he suffered immensely from being compelled to remain with his arms folded, a mere spectator of the struggle and of the martyrdom of his best friends. Subjected to a rigorous surveillance, having been denounced for participation in the revolutionary movement by his relations, who hoped, if he were condemned, to inherit his fortune, he could do nothing, for, at the first step, his property would have been taken away from him, and his party would thereby have been deprived of such indispensable assistance. Thus his fortune was, to him, like the cannon-ball attached to the leg of a galley-slave—it hindered him from moving about.

"His involuntary inaction was not only an annoyance, a cruel vexation, as it could not fail to be to a man who united in himself the ardor of a warrior with that of a prophet—it was also a source of profound moral suffering. With the modesty of a great mind, he attributed to himself not the slightest merit for what seemed to him the most natural thing in the world—the renunciation of his wealth, and his life of privation. Merciless toward himself as a cruel judge, who will not hear reason, and refuses to consider anything but the crime, pure and simple, he regarded his inactivity, which was only an act of the highest abnegation, as a disgrace. Yet this man who, at the

sacrifice of his own aspirations, sustained for a year and a half almost the whole Russian revolutionary movement; this man who, by his moral qualities, inspired unbounded admiration among all who knew him, who, by his mere presence, conferred distinction on the party to which he belonged—this man regarded himself as the humblest of the very humble.

"Hence arose his profound melancholy, which never left him and showed itself in his every word notwithstanding the sorrowfully whimsical tone he was accustomed to adopt in order to conceal it. Thus, resigned and sad, he bore his cross, which sometimes crushed him beneath its weight, throughout his whole life, without ever rebelling against his cruel lot. He was a most unhappy man. . . .

"On August 8, 1879, he was taken to the scaffold in the hangman's cart with two companions, Ciubaroff and Davidenko. Those who saw him pass, say that not only was he calm and peaceful, but that his pleasant smile played upon his lips when he addressed cheering words to his companions. At last he could satisfy his ardent desire to sacrifice himself for his cause. It was perhaps the happiest moment of his unhappy life."

It is folly to call this man—and he is a representative one—a mere murderer or assassin. It shows a depth in the Russian nature that has never been imagined, and, mistaken as it is, holds infinite promise for their future as a people.

There is an interesting account of Krapotkine's escape, and details of incredible hardships and of equally incredible shifts and evasions of the omnipresent police. Every page has strange glimpses of Nihilistic character, as, for instance, in the description of the secret press, which still defies all attempts to stamp it out.

"Maria Kriloff, who acted as mistress of the house, was a woman of about forty-five. She passed for one of the oldest and most deserving members of our party. She had been implicated in the conspiracies of the Krakosovzi. She was imprisoned and condemned to deportation to one of the northern provinces, but succeeded in escaping, and became one of the 'illegal.' She continued to work indefatigably for our cause in various ways, until she was arrested at her post, like a soldier, arms in hand, in the printing-office of the 'Cerni Perediel' in 1880. Thus, for sixteen consecutive years, she remained in the ranks of the conspirators, caring for nothing except to be of use to the cause, and occupying the most modest and dangerous positions. She had worked in the printing-offices from the first, and although in very bad health, and half blind from increasing shortsightedness, she continued to work, and with so much zeal and self-devotion that, notwithstanding her infirmity, she was, as a compositor, equal to the most skilled workman.

"There was a girl who passed as the servant of Madame Kriloff. I never heard her name. She was a girl of about eighteen or nineteen, fair, with blue eyes, delicate and graceful, who would have appeared very beautiful but for the expression of constant nervous tension in her pale face which produced a most painful impression. She was a living reflection of the continuous efforts which this life costs, maintained for months and months in this terrible place, exposed to the incessant prying of so many thousand police spies.

"The mechanism was extremely simple. A few cases with various kinds of type; a little cylinder just cast, of a kind of gelatinous substance closely resembling carpenter's glue, and somewhat pleasant to smell; a large heavy cylinder covered with cloth, which served as the press; some blackened brushes and sponges in a pan; two jars of printing-ink. Everything was arranged in such a manner that it could be hidden in a quarter of an hour, in a large clothes-press standing in a corner."

Men and women who give themselves as recklessly as

(1) UNDERGROUND RUSSIA: Revolutionary Profiles and Sketches from Life. By Stepiak, formerly editor of *Zemlia i Volia* (*Land and Liberty*). With a Preface by Peter Lavroff. Translated from the Italian. 1 vol., 12mo, pp. 272, \$1.25. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1883.

if human life were a mere accident never to be taken into account, are not aimless conspirators. They are "clearing the ground," like Bazaroff, but they are also preparing to build. They wait and work in hope.

"In this struggle between liberty and despotism, the revolutionists, it must be confessed, have on their side an immense advantage—that of time. Every month, every week, of this hesitation, of this irresolution, of this enervating tension, renders the position of their adversary worse, and consequently strengthens their own. Hidden forces, unconscious and powerful as those of nature, come into play to undermine the basis of the imperial edifice; such as the economical position of the people, which has reached such a terrible crisis; the financial question, and also that of the administrative corruption, which is almost as fatal as the other two. . . . By yielding to the legitimate requests of the nation, by conceding the most elementary political rights demanded by the times in which we live, and by civilization, everything will enter upon a peaceful and regular course. The Terrorists will be the first to throw down their deadly weapons and take up the most humane, and the most powerful of all, those of free speech addressed to free men, as they have several times explicitly declared."

The book cannot be called revolutionary in any sense of making direct appeal to the passions of the nation. But it is a vindication, and thus the most powerful of all appeals to the sympathy and the co-operation of all who have doubted them. Let faith take the place of the dreary materialism they hold, and we have the first conditions of new life for a people who have suffered more than even the most burning record can ever give. The story of human wrong cannot be exaggerated. No tongue ever tells the deepest suffering of the soul, for no tongue can, and the story of this book is only suggestion of what Nihilism has cost its professors.

THE first feminine member of any geographical society has just been made, in the person of Madame Carla Serena, the explorer and writer, who receives the honor from the Marseilles Society.

DR. CHARLES MACKAY has a new volume of poems in press, under the title of "Interludes and Undertones," and Mr. Robert Buchanan's new novel, "Annan Water," is also soon to appear.

THE success of the "Priest and the Man" has been sufficient to stimulate the author, the Rev. W. W. Newton, to the writing of another novel, upon which he is now engaged. It will deal entirely with phases of modern thought and life.

MR. HENRY IRVING has written a pleasant preface for a pamphlet lately issued by Roorbach & Co., New York, "Talma on the Actor's Art." While of most interest to the profession, it is almost equally so to the outsider, Talma's essay being really as much on the methods of the famous actor, Le Kain, as on the art itself. (pp. 20, 25 cents).

WILLIAM BLACK rivals Mrs. Oliphant in his fertility, and a pause would certainly be well, for his own sake, as well as that of his readers. *Harpers'* for January will have the first installment of a novel entitled "Judith Shakespeare: Her Love Affairs and Other Adventures," to be illustrated by Mr. Abbey, and Macmillan's new magazine will have a short story, "The Supernatural Experiences of Miss Patay Cong."

LOS ANGELES has long been known as the garden spot of Southern California, though the distinction is almost invidious in a country which is all garden. A bulky pamphlet, "A Southern California Paradise," edited and

published by R. W. C. Farnsworth, Pasadena, Cal., gives full descriptions of every point the settler or traveler may desire to know, churches, schools and every feature of the town and surrounding country being described and illustrated. (Paper, pp. 132, 75 cents).

"THE CRITIC," which as a fortnightly lost none of its sparkle and crispness, returned to its weekly issue on September 15, but will hereafter continue the summer arrangement, issuing but forty-five numbers a year, and reducing the price to \$3.00 per year, instead of \$3.50, as heretofore. The number for August 25 contains an onslaught on Mr. Charles Francis Adams, by Mr. J. H. Morse, excited by the vexed question of Greek in American colleges; and the *Lounger* prints a letter in which Madame Modjeska disclaims any connection with the poem recently published over her name in the *Denver Tribune*.

"THE CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES" has had many exponents, but there is probably no volume in all the list which covers the ground quite as simply and thoroughly as that by Mr. Luther Henry Porter, recently published by Henry Holt & Co. He gives first, a simple account of the forms of government existing before the Revolution; then the Constitution and an explanation of the reason for the nature of its different clauses, and finally a brief review of the principal events in our political history. An interesting feature of the work is the incorporation of various Colonial charters, while each subject discussed is "followed by a chart which embraces the substance of the text in a tabulated form," thus enabling the reader or student to classify and correct his impressions. With its clear page, and attractively arranged contents, this should prove a standard manual. (12mo, pp. 311, \$1.50).

ONE or two of the anachronisms in Mrs. Dahlgren's surprising novel have already been pointed out in these columns, but there are numberless others, and the *Washington Star* has made a list of the most notable. Having first noted that in the winter of 1877-'78, Choate, who has been dead twenty years, is represented as speaking, answered by Reverdy Johnson who died in 1876, it describes a company brought together a few evenings later: Garfield, A. H. Stevens, Healy, the artist, and Alexander Dimitry (who were living at the time), Orestes A. Brownson, who died in 1876; Charlotte Cushman, who made her final and actual farewell in 1875; Sumner, who died in 1874; Charles Astor Bristed, who passed away a little earlier the same year; General Robert Anderson, who breathed his last in Nice in 1871; Count Gurovski, whose stormy career came to a close in 1866; and John J. Crittenden, who was laid away in his grave in 1863!

THE Old Testament is in the hands of revisers, and we shall by and by have it as shorn of its dearest characteristics as the Revised Version of the New, which, however, has sunk out of sight with a speed that shows how much intrinsic common sense is still inherent in people. It is well to own both, but it is the old words, the familiar forms to which one clings. It is the poetry of the New Testament that helps to hold imagination and memory with the same power that lies in the melody of the Psalms, or the noble words of Isaiah or Job. Matthew Arnold believes so strongly in the educating and enlarging effect of such words on the mind of childhood that he has arranged Isaiah as a reading-book, and pleads that the old version may remain untouched. There are many of the same mind, and a recent thick pamphlet on "Hebrew Poetry," by Judge Dick, of Greensboro', N. C., holds many reasons for agreement with Mr. Arnold. Sixteen lectures are included, given on Sunday afternoons, before the Greensboro' Law School, all of them well worthy of preservation in a more enduring form than the present. (pp. 205, 50 cents. C. F. Thomas, Greensboro', N. C.).



THE following rules will govern correspondence designed for this department, and readers are cordially invited to contribute either questions or answers, always bearing in mind the fact that, while a score of communications may be received, only one can ordinarily be published:

- 1—Letters designed for it should be distinctly marked with an interrogation point above the address upon the envelope in which they are sent.
- 2—The full name and address of the writer must accompany each inquiry; not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.
- 3—Each inquiry must be written on a separate piece of paper.
- 4—In answering inquiries always refer to the *number* of the query, and *not* to the number or page of the magazine.
- 5—Answers may be by members of the editorial staff or from other sources, in which latter case the initials, name or *nom de plume* of the author will be affixed.
- 6—Under *answers* the bracketed figures refer to the number of the original question.

#### Answers.

13—[46] The name Bridget (originally Birgitta, Briggitta or Brigida) is of Teutonic origin, the old German, *bercht, bert, birch*, meaning "bright," and is the same as *Bertha*, the Latin version of which is *Clara*. St. Bridget, through whom the name has become so popular in Ireland, is of Scotch origin, her father being descended from the kings of Timoria whom Arthur drove into Leinster. The name is found in almost *all countries* of Western Europe, the reason of which is that the Roman Catholic Church venerates saints under the same name of Bridget—distinct from St. Bridget of Kildare—in Sweden (Finstad), France (Tours), Italy (Fiesole), Holland, Spain (Veaz), and Germany (Ratisbonne).

HEUSER.

14 [57] The passage referred to in this question stands in the first edition of Akenside's "Pleasures of Imagination," 1744, 4to, Book III, v. 570, p. 123:

"OH! blest of heav'n, whom not the languid songs  
Of luxury, the Siren! not the bribes  
Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils  
Of pageant honour can seduce to leave  
Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store  
Of nature fair imagination culls  
To charm th' indliven'd soul!"

"Homer," instead of "honour," is, of course, a perfectly obvious misprint.

H. C.

15—[54] See Wheeler's "Dictionary of Noted Names of Fiction," appended to Webster's Unabridged, or the separate volume. All that is known of the subject of the nursery rhyme of "Old King Cole" is given in Halliwell's "Nursery Rhymes of England." The author is unknown, as are the authors of old nursery rhymes generally, bless their hearts!

H. C.

16 [71] Milton's "Paradise Lost" should, I suppose, be considered a "really great poem." Milton did not begin in earnest upon its composition till 1658, when he was fifty years old, and, according to Aubrey-Phillips, it was finished in 1663, when he was fifty-five. But he no doubt bestowed a great deal of time upon it up to 1665. He afterwards composed "Paradise Regained" and "Samson

Agonistes," and these, too, I suppose, should be considered "really great poems." Chaucer probably wrote some of the best portions of the "Canterbury Tales" long after he was fifty. Dryden's "lyrical achievement," "Alexander's Feast," is *wind*—"only that and nothing more"—and so is all the "energy divine" which Pope ascribes to Dryden. There was nothing divine about him.

HIRAM CORSON.

17—[61] I notice in THE CONTINENT the request for information as to B. H. Helper, and beg to say, for the benefit of the party who made the request, that the author of "Nojoque," etc.—not forgetting "The Impending Crisis"—is Hinton Rowan Helper, not B. H. Helper. I published, in connection with G. W. Carleton, "Nojoque."

H. S. ALLEN.

#### Questions.

[Continued from No. 81.]

73—WHERE can I find the passage containing the line "Space for his horses, equipage and hounds," with other reference to the ways of the wealthy?

M. M.

The lines are close to your elbow in any library. In the "Deserted Village," by Goldsmith, you find:

— "the man of wealth and pride  
Takes up a space that many a poor supplied:  
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,  
Space for his horses, equipage and hounds."

74—WHAT is the character of the new National College of Music in London?

E.

It was founded entirely by private munificence. The buildings cost \$550,000. Fifty scholarships were founded, for which no less than fifteen hundred and eighty-eight candidates, of all ranks, came forward to compete. This number was winnowed down by examination to four hundred and eighty. Then came a second sifting, in London, which brought out a superior fifty, twelve candidates being from London, twenty-eight from fourteen different counties in England, five from Ireland, two from Scotland, one from Wales, and one from the Channel Islands. One scholar is the daughter of a brickmaker, another the son of a blacksmith, while the best violin player is the son of a farm-hand. The Council are to grant degrees—Bachelor of Music, Master of Music and Doctor of Music. Much to his credit, the Prince of Wales, "in season and out of season," backs up the College as sure to "become the centre of hope to all poverty-stricken musical ability."

CHARLES A. COLE.

75—I would like to know the reason for dating THE CONTINENT a week ahead of time. I cannot see any good gained.

A. S. B.

If A. S. B. will note the date of any carefully illustrated publications he will see that they all follow the same plan. The monthlies published on the 20th of August, for instance, will bear date of September. So, too, with the illustrated weeklies. All, we believe, are dated ahead, and this is done in order that distant subscribers may receive their papers or magazines on or about the date borne on the cover.

76—WHAT is the origin of the phrase, "He lies under the daisies" or "His toes are turned up to the daisies?"

H. J. L.

Dr. John Brown, in his "Horæ Subsecivæ," *passim* John Leech, the celebrated caricaturist of *Punch*, quotes the quaint distich:

"Paddy Tims—whose soul at aise is—  
With the point of his nose  
And the tips of his toes  
Turn'd up to the roots of the daisies."

77—IN response to various inquiries, Mr. Soynsmith sends us the following:

DEAR SIR: In reply to your inquiry about the German translation of "The Lamplighter," The copy I have was



published by Ernst Julius Günther, Leipzig. Translated by Treumund Whelp. The translation is called "Der Lampenputzer," and there is no mention of the author or publisher of the original. I find the principal German book-stores here have it (the German) on hand. The book was first recommended to me as an excellent translation by a prominent teacher of languages at Dresden.

CHARLES SOOYSMITH.

78—WILL you be so kind as to inform me, through your columns, of the best and simplest method for *ebonizing wood*, and oblige an interested reader?

T. G. S.

Wash any compact wood three or four times with a boiling decoction of logwood, allowing it to dry between each application. Then wash it with a solution of acetate of iron, which is made by dissolving iron filings in vinegar.

79—PLEASE give me a brief summary of Arthur Sullivan's professional career.

L.

Arthur Sullivan, or Sir Arthur as he must now be called, has written many songs, the best of which, artistically considered, are not the most popular. Among those well known in America are "The Lost Chord," "Looking Back," "Once Again," "Let Me Dream Again" and "Onward, Christian Soldier." The last-named of these is now to be found in every Sunday-School Collection. He began his musical studies in London, under Sterndal Bennett and John Goss, and at fourteen years of age secured the "Mendelssohn Scholarship." He finished his studies at Leipzig, and on his return to England produced the music to the "Tempest." "Kenilworth" followed in 1864, "In Memoriam" and "Cox and Box" in 1866, "Marmion" and "Contrabandista" in 1867, "The Prodigal Son" in 1868, "Overturo di Ballo" in 1869, "On Shore and Sea" in 1871, "Festival Te Deum" and "Thespis" in 1872, "The Light of the World" in 1873, "Trial by Jury" and "The Zoo" in 1875, "The Sorcerer" in 1877, "Pinafore" in 1878, "The Pirates of Penzance" and "The Martyr of Antioch" in 1880, "Patience" in 1881 and "Iolanthe" in 1882.

80—WHAT will probably be the verdict of history regarding President Arthur's administration?

R.

In reply to your inquiry allow me to say that I believe, all things considered, the administration of President Arthur will be regarded as one of the most remarkable in our history. Called to administer the affairs of a people exasperated and heart-sore over the sufferings of his predecessor, he has calmed their rage and inaugurated a period more quiet and dispassionate in its consideration of public questions than has been known in half a century. Taunted, reviled, maligned, he has made no answer nor remonstrance, but has pursued the path of public duty with unruffled serenity. He has frankly stated his own views of public questions, and when overruled by the Congress, has yielded quietly, not seeking to force a policy of his own upon the country, nor clamoring because his views did not prevail. When a majority of his own party have favored what he disapproved he has interposed his veto. He has performed his duty faithfully, and neither by public utterance nor through the columns of the press has he thrust himself or his views upon the people. That he has made mistakes there is no doubt, but they have not been numerous, nor such as are likely to entail serious ill upon the Republic. He has, in short, performed the onerous duties unexpectedly devolved upon him with a moderation, sagacity and modesty rarely equaled, and perhaps never surpassed, in the position he occupies. A. W. T.

81—How can I learn wood engraving? How can I ascertain whether I can become a skilled engraver? How well does it pay?

Such is the substance of a number of inquiries received

since the publication of Mr. Sartain's paper on "Wood Engraving as an Employment for Women," with the specimens of work offered in competition by the members of Mr. Williams' class in the Philadelphia School of Design for Women. If you live where engravers are accessible, make an arrangement to take lessons. If not, write to some engraver to send you the tools and materials requisite for making a beginning. A New York house—Lowenthal, of 96 Fulton Street—furnishes amateur sets of tools and materials. The first thing to be done is to practice making parallel lines, to acquire steadiness of hand. Select a simple subject and endeavor to copy it. Proofs can be taken with printers' ink to test the success of first attempts. Skill and confidence come only with long and patient practice. An old engraver writes us that twenty-five dollars a week, after four years of study, is more than comes within the range of his experience. There is a French work—"La Gravure," by Henri Delaborde—which is elementary and historical in its character, and contains examples for practice for beginners. Mr. Linton's book on "Wood Engraving" is valuable and interesting, but hardly to be regarded as a primer for learners.

82—CAN you give me the remainder of the verse beginning:

"The sunflower doth not know the way  
Her (his?) God shall come as well as we."

R. E. FORBES.

83—WHO is the author of the following lines:

"Faith shares the Future's promise; Love's  
Self-offering is a triumph won;  
And each good thought or action moves  
The dark world nearer to the sun."

S.

84—CAN you tell me why so few people read Milton's poems, especially "Paradise Lost"? I have hardly ever seen a person who has read "Paradise Regained."

The fact has often been noted. Even among literary people he is a *rara avis* who has honestly read "Paradise Regained." It has been suggested that the reason might be that "Paradise Lost" is so wearisome that when one has finished it he is in a condition of mind to care but very little whether it was ever regained or not. T.

85—WHAT is the meaning of the term "Sanitary Engineer?"

Mr. Wingate, who was perhaps the first to assume this title, once defined it colloquially as "a doctor for sick houses." The duty of the Sanitary Engineer is to supervise the erection of buildings, determine the proper means for securing drainage and ventilation, and to see to it that the contractor applies the remedies he proposes. It is also an important part of his duty to inspect and report upon the sanitary condition of houses already erected and ascertain the condition of the appliances on which the health of the inmates depend.

## NEW BOOKS.

MUST THE OLD TESTAMENT GO? Or the Relation of the Old Testament to the Christian Life of To-day. By Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts. 16mo, pp. 119. James H. Earle, Boston.

HISTORICAL STUDIES. Edited by Titus Munson Coan. Topics of the Time, IV. Paper, pp. 205. 25 cents. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

A NEWPORT AQUARELLE. 1 vol., pp. 250, \$1.00. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

AMONG THE LAKES. By William O. Stoddard. 1 vol., pp. 321, \$1.00. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

POLITICAL ECONOMY. By Arthur Latham Perry. LL.D. Eighteenth edition, 8vo., pp. 608. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

BEYOND THE SUNRISE. Observations by Two Travelers. "Lovell's Library." Paper, pp. 287, 20 cents. John W. Lovell Company, New York.

LYRICS AND SATIRES. By Richard E. Day. Pp. 64, 75 cents. John T. Roberts, Syracuse, N. Y.

## REFERENCE CALENDAR.

[THIS COLUMN IS INTENDED AS A RECORD FOR REFERENCE, NOT AS A SUMMARY OF CURRENT NEWS.]

**August 1.**—In Egypt the total number of deaths from cholera to date amounts to about 16,000.

**Aug. 2.**—Austin F. Pike was elected United States Senator from New Hampshire, after forty-three ballots had been taken.

**Aug. 5.**—Another earthquake shock was felt at Ischia, but was comparatively mild.

**Aug. 8.**—Over two hundred Western Union Telegraph wires were cut, presumably by strikers and their friends. The leaders of the strike, however, denied all complicity, and denounced the proceedings.

[For "Postal Telegraph," see *Journal of the Statistical Society*, Vol. XLIV, p. 1; *Old and New*, Vol. II, p. 7; *Fortnightly*, Vol. XXIV, p. 826.]

The American Forestry Congress met at St. Paul, Minn., with Dr. George B. Loring in the chair, and recommended Congress to establish forestry stations, the Ohio forestry scheme being recommended as the best devised as yet.

[*"Forestry,"* see *Nation*, Vol. XXXIII, p. 432; *Penn Monthly*, Vol. VII, pp. 431, 527, 727; *American Architect*, Vol. X, p. 74.]

Beginning on this day military mutinies occurred at various Spanish army posts. By the 11th of August quiet was everywhere restored.—Mr. Gladstone made a notable speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet in London, justifying the English occupation of Egypt on the ground of expediency, and promising the withdrawal of British troops when the preservation of peace was assured. He also touched upon the trouble with France in a friendly spirit, and referred to Ireland as peaceful and quiet.

[For estimates of Gladstone see *Contemporary*, Vol. 36, p. 398; *British Quarterly Review*, Vol. L, p. 175; *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. XXV, p. 728.]

Riotous demonstrations against Jews occurred in Hungary, as the outgrowth of the recent acquittal of Jews accused of the murder of a Christian girl. Similar riots also occurred in Russia.

[*"Jews in Russia,"* see *Living Age*, Vol. XLIV, p. 467; *"Persecution of Jews,"* see *Edinburg Review*, April, 1883.]

**Aug. 9.**—Benjamin Urner was nominated for the Governorship of New Jersey by the National party.—At Ocean Grove, N. J., the Educational Assembly held its second annual meeting. Addresses were made by General Eaton, the United States Commissioner of Education; J. P. Wickersham, of Pennsylvania, and A. W. Tourgée.

[For "Education of the Negro," see *THE CONTINENT*, Vol. IV, p. 344; *Education*, Vol. III, p. 549.]

**Aug. 10.**—A conspiracy on the part of Irish Nationalists for the destruction of the Welland Canal, was announced at Chicago as the result of investigations by Canadian detectives.—A meeting in favor of "assisted emigration" was held in London, and resolutions adopted looking to the sending of two hundred thousand persons to the British colonies next spring, including ten thousand families to Canada alone.

[*"Canadian Emigration,"* see *St. James' Magazine*, Vol. XXXVI, p. 582.]

**Aug. 11.**—Vineyard Haven (formerly Holmes' Hole), Mass., was almost destroyed by fire. Between fifty and one hundred houses were burned, including nearly the whole business portion of the place.—The death of Cetewayo, as announced last month, is contradicted. He has, however, been wounded and defeated by his enemies.

[*"Cetewayo,"* see *Macmillan*, Vol. XLI, p. 273; *Fortnightly*, Vol. XXXI, pp. 329, 546.]

Austria, Germany and Turkey are in negotiation for the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina to Austria.

**Aug. 13.**—A semi-panic occurred in Wall Street, causing a similar flurry in London on the 14th instant, and culminating in the failure of G. W. Ballou & Co., and on the 15th in that of E. C. Stedman, the poet and litterateur.

[*"Ways of Wall Street,"* see *Southern Monthly*, Vol. XVII, pp. 167, 346.]

A violent and protracted debate on Irish matters took place in the British Parliament, the Home-Rulers seeming disposed to give the lie to Mr. Gladstone's statements at the Lord Mayor's dinner as to the pacification of Ireland.

**Aug. 14.**—The annual session of The American Library Association was held at Buffalo, Mr. Justin Winsor presiding.

[See current number *Library Journal*.]

**Aug. 15.**—At noon the Telegraph Strike collapsed and a general surrender took place, many of the strikers being reinstated by the Western Union. It is understood that the returning operators are required to pledge themselves not to do so any more. The strike lasted twenty-nine days. A Postal Telegraph Company has been organized in the meantime, with abundant capital, and Mr. Mackay, the "Bonanza king," as one of its prime movers.

[*"Progress of Telegraphy,"* see *Eclectic Engineering*, Sept., 1883.]

The Virginia Republican Straight-out Convention met at Richmond and endorsed Mr. Blaine for the Presidency. It adheres to Republican principles and a protective tariff.

**Aug. 16.**—At Vienna, the Electrical Exhibition was opened, with great ceremony, by Rudolph, the Austrian Crown-Prince.

**Aug. 17.**—W. W. McNair having declined the Democratic nomination for governor of Minnesota, A. Belmann was nominated for that office.—Professor S. J. Wilson, President of the Theological Seminary at Pittsburgh, Pa., died. He was a leader in the Presbyterian schools of theology.

**Aug. 19.**—Judge Jeremiah S. Black, of Pennsylvania, one of the most distinguished lawyers of the United States, died, aged seventy-three years.

[See sketch of his life in *New York Tribune*, Aug. 20. Portrait in *Harper's Weekly* for Sept. 1.]

**Aug. 20.**—The Rev. William M. Baker, of South Boston, Mass., died, aged fifty-eight years. He was the author of several popular books.

**Aug. 21.**—A tornado of exceptional fury devastated the city of Rochester, Minn., destroying nearly a third of its houses, killing twenty-nine persons and wounding about fifty. In other parts of the state the storm was equally destructive.

[See "Tornadoes," *American Journal of Science*, Vol. XXXII, p. 153; *Journal of Franklin Institute*, Vol. LIV, p. 23; *American Architect*, Vol. X, p. 329.]

**Aug. 22.**—The two sections of the Northern Pacific Railroad were united thirty miles west of Mullen Tunnel, Montana.

[See "Northern Pacific Railroad," *New Englander*, Vol. 30, p. 367; *Old and New*, Vol. II, p. 142; *Every Saturday*, Vol. X, p. 98.]

Prof. J. H. Leslie, of Philadelphia, was elected President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science for the ensuing year.

**Aug. 23.**—After a series of engagements, in which the French were generally victorious, the emperor of Anam submitted and agreed to pay the costs of the war, the French maintaining an army of occupation pending payment. The Chinese are concentrating troops on the Anam frontier, and it is semi-officially announced that China will not surrender her suzerainty without an appeal to arms.

[See "The French in Tonquin," *Colburn's Miscellany*, Vol. CLVII, p. 172.]

A Congressional apportionment bill was passed by the Georgia legislature (Democratic), which will give six out of ten districts to the Republicans on a fair count.

**Aug. 24.**—The Comte de Chambord, nominal King of France, died at Frohsdorf, Austria, after a long illness. He was the last of the Bourbon line. The Comte de Paris, nominal author of the "Civil War in America," now metaphorically assumes the French crown, so called. Paris was placarded to this effect on the night after the Comte de Chambord's death.

[*"Sketch of Chambord,"* see *N. Y. Herald*, August 25; *"The Bourbons,"* see *Edinburg Review*, Vol. XXXIX, p. 84; *"Orleans Family,"* see *Living Age*, Vol. XXII, p. 585; the *Saturday Review*, July 7 and 14, 1883.]

**Aug. 25.**—The British Parliament was prorogued. The "Agricultural Holdings" and "Irish Tramways" bills were agreed to by the House of Lords during the closing hours.

[*"Ag. Holdings Bill,"* *Saturday Review*, July 21, 1883; *"Irish Tramways Bill,"* *Saturday Review*, August 11.]

**Aug. 27.**—An earthquake of almost unprecedented violence occurred in the Island of Java. Many thousands of lives were lost, and land and sea were frightfully agitated.

[*"Earthquakes,"* see *Blackwood*, Vol. LXXXVIII, p. 195; *Living Age*, Vol. LVIII, p. 42.]

**Aug. 28.**—A political crisis occurred in Spain, the ministry resigning, on questions mainly arising from the recent revolt in the army.